

THE
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

JULY, 1864.

RIGI AND LUCERNE;
OR, FIRST SIGHT OF THE ALPS.

BY REV. GILBERT HAVEN.

NOT that I had not had glimpses before this outburst, but they were minor peaks, whose majesty was measurable by my former experiences. The first real and ever-rememberable sight was where my last conversation abruptly concluded. The picnic children, with their Alpine stocks, had been left behind at the border of the lake. The steep, inclosing hills of Horgen had made me taste the first draught of the weariness and excitement of Alpine climbing. For two hours, as I learned by the sign-post—the distances on them being marked by *stunden*, hours, not miles—I had climbed up and down a delicious landscape of ravines cool with thick woods and noisy brooks; splintered peaks, moderate and even infantile as I afterward found, but majestic then to my untutored eyes, hanging pastures set off like green tapestry, with romantic cottages and August-laden orchards, and had moiled along for three miles or so on a hot, straight, bright, hard road, behind a wall of greensward a thousand feet high. The feet and ankle-bones had begun to lose their strength, and the eyes were lifted to catch, if possible, a glimpse of the steeples or waters of Zug, on whose level the path now lay, when they were caught by some huge clouds far up in the heavens that seemed frozen at once to the earth and the sky. Their fixedness fixed my vision. "They are but clouds," I say to myself. "No clouds ever looked so solid as those," myself retorts to the I. "How sharp that outline and how strong! Then, too, how they glitter and even blaze, so that your eye hardly bears the sight! If they are clouds they are of a new and wonderful species. They can't be; for do n't you see the clouds above them and below them

look like wool strewed over marble? They are fleecy, gauzy, unsubstantial, all the more so in contrast with the compactness and firmness of these rival textures." "But they can't be mountains. They stand far up in the heavens. You have to lift your heads to see them. It is not possible for the Earth to climb so high."

"But she *does* it whether it is possible or no. See that glowing pyramid! Its lines are as sharp and sparkling as a diamond's. What a Koh-i-noor, way up in the heavens! Who ever saw clouds chiseled thus? They may go from weasel to whale in their versatility of form, but no Polonius could have transferred them into such cones of pearl as these by the beguiling aid of a dozen Hamlets."

Thus the question was debated *in foro personæ*, and on dividing the house the mountains had it.

They were the Alps. The Tyrol peaks, being distant and not being the most exalted, had not impressed me above all the hills I had ever seen. The enthusiastic German students in our railway carriage had gone off in ecstasies, but my American conceit kept me cool. "We've as good as that at home," I disdainfully muttered. The genius of the place, hearing this, put me where their full force should strike me at once, and I surrendered. Long were they looked at. That shining pyramid of pearl and gold was the ice-clad summit of the Wetterhorn. The sharp-wedged pile beside it was the Jung Frau. Others, named and unnamed, blazed beside them. Though fifty miles away, it seemed as if a walk of two or three hours would bring me to their feet. Yet they were fifty miles away as a bird flies, and it took four days of steady toiling to climb to their bases. They seemed foregleamings of the celestial city coming down out of heaven, whose every gate is a glittering pearl, and its gold as transparent glass.

A dream of years was realized and satisfied. I had never thought how high thirteen thousand feet was. It was like looking unawares upon such a pile standing far up into the skies. Put fifty times its height upon Trinity steeple and let it suddenly catch your eye. Would n't the angle of vision have to be instantly and greatly enlarged? It was no small strain it stretched itself from Holyoke to Washington. But now at one glance it must leap to more than twice the height of the last standard of measure. Hence it long refused to shoot the gulf, and not till after many persuasions did it concede that these almost mid-heaven glories were true and solid matter. How much like the eye of the soul, that, trained to the low hills of human reason and common fact, persists in denying the reality of the sublime uplifts of Christian faith that flash before their contracted vision! They refuse the truth rather than abandon their petty perfection.

I walked on under the new inspiration, and soon—helped a little of the way by a passing wagon—reached the hamlet of Zug. While waiting for the boat I visited a too common and horrible sight in Switzerland—

A BONE-HOUSE.

It is not unlike the horse-sheds attached to our churches, though it differs from them in having a slightly-ornamental front, and a poor wooden and gilded statue of St. Michael standing in the front corner. There, on little shelves a foot or two long and half that width, are skulls, sometimes with the bones of arms and legs, and sometimes not. Underneath the little shelves are the names of the original owners, with the words buried and unburied, and the dates of both transactions. Only a few were thus honored. In one corner was a bin, twenty feet by ten, full of bones in promiscuous profusion—heads, arms, legs, helter skelter. The sight was revolting. Yet perhaps it was necessary. Land is not plenty here, and the dead are. They would push the living off of the surface if they were not themselves pulled out of their graves. As they are the weakest party they must yield. Reverence and utility combine. They are decently buried, then decently unburied, and in due time, for even space for their skulls is begrudged them long, they are cast into an undistinguishable mass. That heap contrasts vividly with the stately stones in the temporary yard near by, and the swelling titles and honors of the brief tenants below.

The motto over St. Michael is most suggestive in view of this desolation of humanity—*quis ut Deus?* Well may we exclaim, Who is

like God, that in that day will make these dry bones live, and make each in this obliterating heap know and find its fellow, bone coming to bone according to its original estate, and filling these ashy skulls with eternal beauty!

MT. RIGI.

But Mt. Rigi is to be ascended. You see that sharp point that stands out to your left, in the picture. On its further side we now are. Ten miles we steam across the snug little lake, whose depth of twelve hundred feet compels us to respect it in spite of its littleness—not unlike men small of stature but deep of soul.

Mt. Rigi rises out of its lower edge, looking very diminutive beside the hills to which it was the usher. I really held it in very slight esteem. It seemed but a green wart on the great white brow behind. But it smiled serenely at my disdain, as much as to say, "I'll give you supercilious Yankee a trial that will make you respect me forever after." And he was good as his word. A tug of three hours up his steep sides has taught me to speak respectfully of Mt. Rigi. It is forty-five hundred feet above the level of the lake—six thousand above the sea—the bottom of the lake being a little above the top of the ocean. It is covered with woods and pasturage to its top, where two rival houses solicit your patronage—the tip-top being highest in prices as in position. You could see that house on the sharp splinter that shoots up before you, were you standing beside these foreground peasants. It ought to be visible in the engraving as it is in fact.

The sun was making a golden set as I pulled myself up the last ladder of rocks, and threw myself exhausted on the grass. The angle of his rays to the highest peaks, however, was not such as to set them on fire, as they had done when he was higher and I lower. There was more terror and less beauty. All around the southern border they were piled up into the clouds—awful masses of rock and ice. The winds of Winter seemed to leap out of their dreadful chasms, dash upon their fearful brows, and then spring from them at us like dogs of death, baying a most ungracious welcome. The sun had struggled to subdue them, but had become exhausted and had retreated from the conflict. They had lost all the charm with which his noonday glory had invested them; their sole expression was darkness and desolation.

Other views redeemed the scene. On the north and west land and lake lay lowly and lovely. The green waters burned in his rays like dissolved beryl. The greener earth was mapped into towns and farms. Its really hilly

surface looked level from this height. Lucerne was under the eye, as you see it here. Many square and peaked turrets arose from its walls, dating back for five hundred years. The Reuss rushes, as you can almost feel it, in its long and frightened leap, from the top of the mountains, keeping an unchanging fierceness of flight through the city to its quiet home in the sub-jacent lake. Quaint bridges span the stream, with picture galleries lining their sides and roof, the paintings not being very distinct at this distance. But hark! hear those vesper bells, clear and mellow, stealing up to us from the twin steeples glittering in the smiles of the dying sun. How their welcome contrasts with these icy winds! Mild, hospitable, home-like, heavenly, it is always so—happiness and humility are twins, so are haughtiness and hate.

MOONLIGHT AND THE MOUNTAIN.

The moon arising gave the picture new attractions. It was at its full and generally free from clouds. I enjoyed till long after midnight the rare revelations. Most of the time the communion was solitary. The great house was full of visitors, but they had come to see the sun rise. That was all the guide-books ordered them to admire, and that was enough for them. So they enjoy the card-table, wine-bottle, cigar, or bed, and let the riches of moonlight on the mountains pass unnoticed. It did not trouble itself with their neglect, but poured itself out over lake and mountain in grand profusion.

One does not often notice the effect of moonlight on surfaces beneath him. It strikingly shows the truthfulness of Milton's line,

"O'er the dark her silver mantle threw."

The light seemed to be cast upon a black surface, and to be of a heavy, gauze-like substance—a mantle of silver around a body of gloom. It does not reveal any objects; it only indicates them. You feel the force of Coleridge's thought—the moon, is "*struggling with the darkness*," and hardly gets the better in the conflict.

At times, however, she came forth with such intensity of brightness that the black abysses fled before her, and the white steeples and even dark earth and water stood forth clear and calm. The angle of vision was not such as to set the highest summits before our eyes. But some of the glaciers shone with a livid light that made them look like the pale and upturned face of the dead Pan.

SUNRISE ON RIGI.

We said the sun looked disheartened last night as he retreated before the scowling spirit

of the hills. But he had lost all traces of it in the morning. How easily and superbly he touched those frozen summits! How he floated down the great glaciers of Grindenwald, that slope far out of sight, like the old-fashioned back roof of a New England farm-house! The hills wore no longer their hazy horror. Even in his forerunning beams they began to put on loveliness, and when he smites them with directer rays how smilingly they respond!

As wild beasts look lovingly on their master and seem, for a moment in the meeting of their eyes, to have lost their ferocity, so these wildest of God's creatures and the most hostile to man seemed to dance for joy at the sight of their master. A like feeling comes over one as he sees the black and wrathful ocean laugh like a child in golden dimples under the rising sun. These two creatures that have not been tamed, and can not be tamed by man, easily recognize the presence of their Creator, and with wild tumult or frozen silence "utter forth God and fill the skies with praise."

It was one of those steel-clear mornings, when every thing seems unnaturally positive. There was no clouds, no haze, nothing to unite the various masses and melt them into each other. The lakes were lakes, nothing more, nothing less; hill was hill, a town a town. It would have been as difficult for Wordsworth himself as for his Peter Bell to have made any thing more than a yellow primrose out of a yellow primrose under that sky. Yet it had its uses and beauties. Every thing stood in its lot and place. For hundreds of miles the eye swept the scene with almost microscopic distinctness. A dozen mountain lakes, in every variety of form, flashed back your glance. At our feet lie the lakes of Lucerne and Zug, the narrow and hill-embossed belt under the north end of the mountain only separating them. Midway on this isthmus glistens a little white chapel that marks the spot where Tell's unfailing arrow killed Gesler. To the west it sinks down into this grandest lake in the world, and then leaps up into the dark mass to your right, that bears the dismal name of Pilate, and where the tradition runs that that chiefest of conservatives and time-servers, banished here, like his associate in the unspeakable crime, climbing to its summit, flung himself headlong. Its generally-cloudy top gave rise to the old and yet potent tradition.

Southward, close beneath you, nestles the hamlet of Schwytz—the home of the saviors of the land, and whose valor gave the name of their little and obscure village to the whole region. Helvetia became, under their inspiration,

the land of the men of Schwytz. Just beyond is the birthplace of Tell, and you can trace under your eye every spot of his history, from his birth to his death.

To the east is the most pathetic sight of all; and at the risk of wearying you I must talk a little of

GOLDAU.

John Neal's lament over "the sweet vale of Goldau" was one of my earliest and most impressive reading lessons. It had never ceased to toll its mournful knell in my inward ear. And now when the vale, the mountain, the village, the deed all lay below my eye, I confess that I turned away from the historic spots of Tell and liberty and the mighty majesties of the Oberland, and hung longingly over the nearer and dearer scene. There it is close to you. Look straight down the other side of the Rigi Culm—as the hill-top is called—and you'll see the waters of Zug touching the green shore of a tiny valley. Up from that valley, and lying right before you, swells the huge mass of the Rossberg, yet scarred by that slide of sixty years ago.

In that little valley, ten miles long by three wide, lie three villages—the first, Arth, is where I landed yesterday afternoon and commenced the ascent. Next beyond was Goldau; further on Lowertz and its lake. Then the valley slowly climbs up and around southward to Schwytz. Goldau was before me, when I sat down to rest, all the way up. So were the vestiges of the slide that whelmed it. The mountain is not steep nor rocky; its peculiarity is that its inclination is very uniform, sloping up for four thousand feet at a steady angle of sixty degrees. Rains had fallen all Summer and with great fury for several days before the catastrophe. The soil on the slope became drenched and loose, and at length in the middle of the face of the mountain, directly over Goldau, an avalanche of earth started. It was as if a knife had passed through its surface, as one cuts off the swell of an apple. If the apple were so large that the knife should not pass through the whole surface but cut its way down from the top like a shovel, leaving a wall on either hand in the middle of the apple, but none at the top or bottom, you would get an exact idea of the slide. It was a thousand feet wide, three miles long, and its sides on the middle of the mountain are a hundred feet deep, and sharp and smooth as a steam shovel could cut them. It moved steadily but somewhat slowly downward, burying the underlying village, casting its rocks far up the sides of Rigi, and so driving back the waters of the Lake of Lowertz that they rose seventy

feet at a single bound, and springing back drowned most of the neighboring village. A church and inn alone mark the spot where Goldau then stood.

But time flies, and we can not lament too long the long-buried dead upon whom, without any summons of their own, the rocks and the mountains fell and covered them, let us hope, not from the wrath of the Lamb. What a state of the soul will that be which shall constrain its victims to entreat such a favor from these awful precipices! But then 't will not be given. They fall and they stand by the word of the Lord. He will not allow them to shelter sinners from his justice any more than he really does to buy saints from his love. This slide was only the grave of their bodies, the soul leaps unscarred to heaven and to God.

THE FOREGROUND.

To make our picture true to nature, human as well as sub-human, there ought to be painted in the foreground between one and two hundred men and women shivering in a searching, Winter wind, and chattering away in many unknown tongues. If you wish to revive the scenes of Babel visit Rigi. It can be recalled at almost any watering or sauntering place in Europe, but no where is there a more condensed or vivid expression of it than on this little square box of observation. Every body comes here. It is easily reached, fashionable, and so frequented.

What a rattling! French, Italian, Russian, English, Spanish, German beat upon the tympanum about as intelligibly as hail-stones on a window pane. One sees how easily God could confound the ambitious Babelites, and that the Psalmist might be more literal than figurative when he says, "He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh." 'T is but a mere switch of the tongue, and away we go on separate tracks for millenniums.

Nimrod asks his chief director how the work is getting on. The overseer can't understand why his lord talks so odd. He replies, as he supposes, in the most courtly Babelish, to what he guesses by his gestures was his question. Nimrod gets mad at his jabber, and deeming him insolent calls on the chief of the police to take him to prison. The chief is confounded at his queer sounds, and with profuse prostrations says something which neither Nimrod nor the tower-builder understands. So it goes from master to servant, with no interpreter, nor any wise ethnologist and linguist to step in and heal the novel breach. They get mad with each other for their misunderstandings and speedily come

to blows. At last, tired with fighting, and finding no looseness of arms unloosens the tongue, they began to catch here and there at the meaning of a neighbor. Like sounds and sense glue them together, and the nodules of a new race are formed. Man was scattered, tower-building abandoned, and theory-building took its place. They began to prate about ours being the original language, and ours the original race—all others how inferior! They never could have been with my folks in the plains of Shinar. At all of which climbing towers of pride and falsehood He that sitteth in the heavens laughs, and also in his own good time and easy ways levels with the dust.

This Rigi scene was of like sort. Each nation fancies his tongue the only and perfect original. The Frenchman believes that his rattling musketry of speech came straight from Napoleon Nimrod. The German could not be made to doubt that his horrid "ya" was first spoken by Eve when Adam popped the question. If so, it must have spoiled her handsome mouth, as it does to-day her yellow-haired daughters of fader-land—that monosyllable being by far the most offensive sound that ever contorted a lady's lips and larynx. The Englishman fancies his "yes" to be the paragon of monosyllables, while it evidently comes from the sibilant "yea" that the serpent first used in the garden.

One thing is sure, the tongues are divided. When they will come together, and whose shall have precedence at that remarriage, it is hard to say. That they must be made one before the laws and governments of man are is very clear. It may come by as special a miracle as was the separation. The pentecostal power may suggest a coming modification, when all the world shall be miraculously restored to the lost art of one language.

Europe suffers more to-day from this defect than from all others. Were she of one speech, she would soon be one in government, as she is in every outward appearance. Here are two hundred people dressed alike, looking alike, acting alike, feeling alike, saying the same thing—for the life of you you could not classify them; you would say they are all Americans, and yet they are cut up into cliques by barriers so high that it takes years of hard study even partially to surmount them.

But we can dwell no longer on these sights or speculations. We fill our gaze with the snow mountains that you dimly see in the picture, but which are high and lifted up from that exalted tower. We climb down to the shores of the Lake, sail down between the high precipices

that include its further waters, or return to the city before you spend a pleasant Sabbath in company with a half dozen American clergymen, and on the morrow pass out of the presence of this mount of outer and inner vision into the heart of those heaven-kissing hills, and from whence we shall give you our next and last and much shorter lucubration upon the Alps.

BY THE HEARTH.

BY FELICIA H. ROSS.

'GAINST the window panes there is dashing sleet;
Swift, March winds sob 'round the mossy eaves;
But softly the leaping fire-light weaves
Fantastic shapes on the darkened floor,
And hangs its drap'ries round the door,
Where once came the boyish feet.

How sadly we sit by the hearth to-night,
Our weak hearts weeping their hidden tears,
Thinking and mourning o'er by-gone years;
Of the loved ones who met here with mirth and song,
Whiling the Winter evenings long
In the embers' fitful light.

We miss on the threshold their ringing tread,
We yearn for their voices' cheery sound,
Almost wishing the years unwound
Back to the golden time of youth,
With all its pureness of faith and truth
That with hurrying years has fled.

Our dear ones are out on the loveless world
Alone, but undaunted amid its din;
For only the fearless soul can win
The bays and the laurel wreaths of life;
And who hero would be of the wearying strife,
At the last must his banner be furled.

Alas! some lie in the graveyard asleep,
Never to answer our loving calls—
Never with us when the gloaming falls,
To roam 'long the ridges of purpling hills,
As of old, nor sit in the spray of the rills,
Springing from steep to steep.

The light fadeth out from the walls and floor,
The embers lie dead on the dusky bars,
And the soft, cold beams of the Wint'ry stars
Shine through the sweet-brier's icy mail,
While about it low wind-voices seem to wail,
"Scattered pearls can be strung no more."

Like scattered pearls are the old days gone;
The string that held them hath broken apart,
Leaving us empty hands and heart;
Only awaiting the future's ken,
When we shall gather them all again,
As the joy-laden years go on.

LIVING CELEBRITIES OF NEW ENGLAND.
CONTRIBUTORS TO THE "ATLANTIC."

BY REV. G. M. STEELE.

A NATIONAL literature is a thing of necessarily gradual development. It can not be transplanted with the planting of colonies. Books, newspapers, pamphlets, magazines, and reviews may be produced, and may evince great and varied talent, and even genius in the philosophy, science, poetry, belles-lettres, etc., which go to make up their contents, and yet there may be very little indication of a genuine national literature. Some essential ingredient of this must be drawn from the soil and atmosphere of the country; they must be slowly digested and incorporated in the national character; they must enter into its very fiber, and give the peculiar form, feature, and coinage which distinguish it. Till this is done, whatever plausible fallacies we may amuse ourselves with, our literature is not our own, but an incongruous adaptation of material derived from other countries and generations.

We do not propose to discuss the question whether there be as yet any such thing as American literature. If it does not now exist, it is pretty certain to exist not long hence; and if it already exist, it has still a prospect of a long and interesting journey before arriving at perfection. The progress of this development toward either palpable existence or perfection is indicated by the history of purely literary periodicals. Denominational newspapers, magazines, and reviews may be sustained with comparative ease; the particular interest of the various theological and religious parties sufficing to maintain them. In this country we have had, till within a few years, but one first-class journal, of an exclusively-literary character, which can be regarded as in any sense a success. The *North American Review*, now in the fiftieth year of its existence, has, from the first, included among its contributors the most accomplished scholars and most brilliant writers of the country—such men as Webster, Everett, Channing, Sparks, Bancroft, Prescott, Longfellow, etc.—and has maintained a recognized position, with scarcely even temporary exceptions, at the head of periodical literature in America. The business facilities for sustaining a quarterly are more and greater than those for sustaining a monthly or weekly; and this accounts for the earlier establishment and permanence of this periodical. Its circulation has always been limited, and with no rival in its own particular field we think it has never had over three thou-

sand subscribers, and much of the time, we suppose, not so many. It is doubtless, under its new management, more able and prosperous than ever before.

No weekly journal, devoted to the higher walks of literature, has hitherto proved successful, though we have had some brilliant failures, to say nothing of failures that have failed to be brilliant. The number of readers in proportion to the population in this country was doubtless never surpassed; the reading, too, is by no means of the lowest order on the average; though by far too large a proportion is of an unhealthy, and still more of an unprofitable character. But there are as yet comparatively few whose tastes, or culture, or occupation demand the highest quality of literary matter. The pecuniary outlay has thus not been justified hitherto by the public demand for a periodical of such a character. Whether the enterprising gentlemen who have just embarked on an essay of this kind in New York city, will meet with better success than their predecessors, is a question which a probably short time will determine.

A great many monthlies have been projected aiming at a superior literary character. Most of them have fallen lamentably short of their aim, while others have failed in respect of both pecuniary and literary patronage. "*Putnam's Monthly Magazine*," established in 1853, was by far the superior of all its predecessors, and its appearance seemed to indicate a new era in American periodical literature. All its articles were from American writers, and it was, in fact, the first thorough-going, independent, genuinely-American magazine that had yet appeared. It ran well for two or three years, being sustained by a large corps of competent writers, but by an insufficient number of paying readers. It crippled or swamped several publishers. Its conductor undertook to modify it to suit the popular taste, and in so doing lowered its literary standard. It finally died in 1857. But the eight bound volumes of the work furnish a mass of reading which, for literary merit and profitable instruction, is exceedingly valuable.

About the time of the demise of "*Putnam's*" the "*Atlantic Monthly*" was born. Its original corps of contributors included the best of those who had written for *Putnam's*, besides several others no wise inferior, and some superior to them—altogether the most brilliant staff of writers ever employed upon a single American periodical. The first editor was J. Russell Lowell—a sketch of whom we have included in a previous group of "celebrities"—whose selection for the office was a most judicious and

happy one. The great drawback on the character of the *Atlantic* in its first year, was the anti-evangelical tone needlessly and sometimes wantonly adopted by a few of its principal writers. It was a gratuitous and defiant assumption that the real intelligence and culture of the community were on the side of what is vaguely designated "liberal Christianity," embracing all shades of dissent from orthodoxy, from the most harmless Unitarianism down to the baldest deism and even pantheism. The originators and conductors of the magazine doubtless did not mean to make it an organ of these skeptical and offensive views; but it was the more obnoxious on this very account that a journal, appealing to the literary classes generally, should allow itself to be the mouthpiece of a petty clique. The same mistake doubtless had been one of the principal causes of the failure of "Putnam's Magazine," though the reprehensible feature was less obvious there than here. We do not mean to say that these notions were largely ventilated in the "*Atlantic*"—they were confined to two or three writers—but they were of such a character as to affect the reputation of the magazine, to provoke damaging criticism, and to limit its circulation. There was at one time a prospect that its patronage would be confined to a circle of "mutual admirers," and that its career would be brief. But since the failure of its first publisher, and especially within the last two or three years, there has been a perceptible improvement in its tone. It is open to all comers competent to represent the world of "literature, art, and politics." No religious or irreligious party gets exclusive favor in its columns.

The "*Atlantic*" is, up to the present time, the highest expression of our American culture in literature and the arts. We have no hesitation in saying that it is the equal of the best of the British periodicals professing the same aim. Its character and success not only indicate the rapid development of talent in the country, but the progress of culture to an extent which demands the existence of such magazines. It not only meets an evident want, but its influence is potent in the literary education of the community. It also has effectually summoned into activity the talent of many young writers. It is now under the editorial management of James T. Field, Esq., well known both as an author and a publisher. He has written a volume of pleasant poems, and has a fine reputation in literary circles as a most affable gentleman, of refined culture, and competent for his calling, whether in the world of business or that of letters. He is the junior partner

in the long-established publishing firm of Ticknor & Fields.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Among the most noticeable papers in the "*Atlantic*," during its first year, were the unique and popular series entitled, "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table." They consisted mainly of quaint and amusing criticisms on literary, social, personal, and ethical topics supposed to occur in the conversation at the table of a city boarding-house, which conversation was principally monopolized by a shrewd, experienced, and cultivated man of the world of slightly-cynical tendencies. They were trenchant and witty, abounding in strictures for the most part legitimate, though occasionally masking a nevertheless discernible antipathy to certain opinions, the thrusts at which were in bad taste and far from magnanimous in spirit. The papers were, however, vastly popular, as were also the subsequent series entitled, "The Professor at the Breakfast-Table," though the latter began to grow tedious with the sameness toward the close.

But Dr. Holmes did not begin to be popular as a writer with his appearance in the "*Atlantic*." He had already been known to fame both as a poet and public lecturer for many years. The son of a somewhat celebrated New England divine, born in 1809, he graduated at Harvard when twenty years old, commenced the study of law, but relinquished it for that of medicine, which he pursued for several years in Europe with considerable success. Soon after the completion of his studies he was elected Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in Dartmouth College, and in a few years after to the same chair in the Medical College of Harvard University. As a professor he is accomplished and popular in his department, while as a medical lecturer his scientific ability and literary facility render him unrivaled.

Dr. Holmes is better known as a literary man than as a scientific scholar. Till comparatively recently his reputation has been principally that of a poet; but it is difficult to tell whether it will finally be found that he excels in this department or as a popular lecturer and prose essayist. He has written one somewhat notable novel; but it was noted not so much as a successful fiction, which it was not, as for the suggestions of a physico-ethical character, in which it abounded. Some of these were of deep interest, and were happily illustrated—others were but the inspiration of the author's religious prejudices, and were damaging both to his work and to himself. The story, as

such, was, in its prominent aspects, revolting and distasteful to a remarkable degree.

As a writer of songs and lyrics Holmes stands high, though hardly, we think, in the first rank. His poetry has not that sweetness and beauty which characterize the verse of Longfellow; he has not the breadth and richness of imagination that belong to Lowell; nor the dignity and grandeur of Bryant; nor yet the depth of moral conviction and intense loyalty to principle that exhibits itself always in Whittier. Yet there is a certain charm about his verses which is more uniform and certain than in those of most poets. In humorous poetry he is perhaps excelled by only one of our writers; and yet if we discriminate closely, he is not so much humorous as witty. He is at times uncommonly "funny," though he says in "The Hight of the Ridiculous," after having nearly killed a man with laughter at one of his effusions,

"And since I never dared to write
As funny as I can."

In verbal witticism he excels, but is by no means wanting in the higher qualities of entertaining and amusing thought. His post-prandial verses on festive occasions are among his best. Of his earlier poems the piece entitled, "My Aunt," "The Music-Grinder," and "The Hot Season," are among the most popular; while of his latter productions in the humorous vein, the "One-Hoss Shay," "Contentment," and "Parson Turell's Legacy," are the more noted. Of more serious poetry "Old Ironsides" is likely to have a very long life, while "Avis" is an exquisitely-touching composition, and the "Army Hymn" is a grand and stirring song.

We have already alluded to Dr. Holmes's prose writings. On whatever subject he writes he is always entertaining, and frequently instructive; but sometimes his anti-sectarian sectarianism and his illiberal liberalism makes him offensive. There is a vein of skepticism frequently coming to the surface in his writings, which betrays a bitterness of feeling and a narrowness of charity not at all consistent with his professed catholicity.

Dr. Holmes is now about fifty-five years of age, though he seems ten years younger. In personal appearance he is small of stature, of sprightly, animated countenance, but, on the whole, not entirely of prepossessing mien.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.*

This most successful of American writers of prose fiction was born in Salem, Massachusetts,

* Within the few weeks since the following sketch was written, the subject of it has ceased to be a "Liv-

July 4, 1804. Born on "the day we celebrate," he ought to be intensely patriotic and loyal. But though we believe Mr. Hawthorne loves his country and desires its union and perpetuity, his past political associations have deterred him from sympathizing very heartily with the measures adopted for the extermination of the rebellion and the precautions against its recurrence. But he has genius of a high order, and his works are deservedly popular, both in this country and in England.

Hawthorne is of Puritan ancestry, and some of his progenitors were among the most energetic of their sect in the suppression of Quakers and witches in the intolerant and superstitious times which have made Salem unpleasantly proverbial. His father was a ship-master, who died at Havana of yellow fever, when Nathaniel was about six years old. His mother's maiden name was Manning, and she is said to have been a woman of great beauty and sensibility. He was of feeble health in boyhood, but managed to fit for college, and graduated at Bowdoin when about twenty-one, in the same class with H. W. Longfellow and G. B. Cheever. During his college life he formed an intimacy with Franklin Pierce, who belonged to the preceding class. After his graduation he resided in Salem for several years, living a retired life, and much given, we judge, to morbid meditation, entertaining those wild fancies which sometimes manifest themselves in his subsequent writings.

He began early to compose tales. We have seen some specimens of these fabricated when so young that he had scarcely learned chirography. After leaving college he wrote many stories, but published only a few in magazines, annals, and newspapers. He collected some of these together, and published them in 1837, under the title of "Twice-Told Tales," his first book. It did not attract much immediate attention, but subsequently became more popular. Other volumes published by him in succession are, the "Mosses from an Old Manse," (1846,) the "Scarlet Letter," (1850,) "House of the Seven Gables," (1851,) the "Blithedale Romance," and other less noticeable books. Within the last few years he has written two works, which have secured no small share of attention—"The Marble Faun," (1856,) and "Our Old Home," (1863.)

Hawthorne has not always lived in literary retirement. He was twice, for a few years each

ing Celebrity," and has gone to "the pale nations of the dead." Mr. Hawthorne died quite suddenly at Plymouth, N. H., May 19th, while on a short journey for his health in company with ex-President Pierce.

time, a custom-house officer, first at Boston and afterward in Salem. Out of these experiences came his "Scarlet Letter." He was also for several years, during the administration of Franklin Pierce and James Buchanan, United States Consul at Liverpool, an important office, which also furnished him the occasion of the capital sketches of English life and character first published in the "Atlantic," and afterward embodied in a book under the name of "Our Old Home." They are masterpieces in their way, and our English cousins were never, perhaps, so freely and trenchantly dealt with before by an American. They are somewhat disposed to resent it, and perhaps need to be reminded of the proverb about "glass-houses," etc. The critics complain of Hawthorne's "cynicism and coldness of tone," especially in this volume. It is particularly offensive in his allusions to the great events of our present time as a nation. The dedication "to a statesman [meaning ex-President Pierce] who has filled *what was then* the most august position in the world," is a little bit disgusting, and something more. But, for the most part, Hawthorne's style is fascinating to a remarkable degree, and he has wonderful power of imagination.

He at one time went to live with the "Association" at Brook Farm, in West Roxbury, and from this few months' sojourn arose the "Blithedale Romance." He afterward remained and took up his abode in the old manse at Concord, which adjoins the first battle-field of the Revolution, "a parsonage which had never before been profaned by a lay occupant." The "Mosses from an Old Manse" were mostly written in a delightful little nook of a study in the rear of the house, from the window of which the clergyman of Concord watched the conflict of his parishioners with the British troops, when was "fired the shot heard round the world," April 19, 1775. In the same room Emerson, who once occupied the house, wrote "Nature."

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

Whoever, in visiting the numerous enchanting localities in the suburbs of Boston, finds himself passing along the beautiful avenue leading from Old Cambridge to Mount Auburn, among other eligible residences standing on either side of the way, embowered in rich foliage, or surrounded by open lawns, will notice a stately mansion on the right, about half a mile from the "shades of Harvard," which has an ancient, but interesting and well-preserved appearance. It stands in the midst of ample grounds, not obscured by shrubbery, and is a

plain, substantial edifice, with a "square roof," painted yellow, with white facings, and green blinds. It is of ante-revolutionary origin, and is a double object of interest, having both an historical and current distinction. It was the head-quarters of Washington during the siege of Boston, and was occupied by him till the evacuation of the city by the British. It is now the residence of Mr. Longfellow, the sweetest of American poets.

This distinguished scholar and poet was born at Portland, Maine, in 1807, and was the son of an eminent lawyer of that city. He entered Bowdoin College when fourteen years of age, and graduated in 1825. While in college he gave indications of his genius and accomplishments. The "Hymn of the Moravian Nuns," "Woods in the Winter," and "Sunrise on the Hills," were composed during his academic days. After leaving college he entered his father's office, but appears to have had no great inclination to the legal profession. He was very soon called to the professorship of modern languages and literature in his *alma mater*, with the privilege of residing awhile abroad. He spent nearly four years on the continent of Europe, studying and observing in France, Spain, Italy, and Germany. After his return he discharged the duties of his professorship five years, at the expiration of which he accepted a call to the same department in Harvard College, where he remained till 1854.

During his residence at Bowdoin College, Mr. Longfellow was a frequent and popular contributor to the "North American Review." He also published "Outre Mer, a Pilgrimage beyond the Sea," in which was embodied some of the intellectual wealth accumulated during his travels; it also indicated his laudable ambition to familiarize his countrymen with the polite literature of the European nations. Perhaps no one has wrought with more zeal and success in this direction than Mr. Longfellow. His very attractive prose romance, "Hyperion," appeared in 1839; and about the same time "Voices of the Night," with which began his extended reputation as a poet. These were followed in successive years by "Ballads and other Poems," "Poems on Slavery," "The Spanish Student," and other kindred works.

Perhaps his most remarkable production is "Evangeline," (1847,) interesting in its theme, exquisite in its treatment, and curious in its versification, being doubtless the most successful attempt at English hexameter ever made in this country. "The Song of Hiawatha," (1855,) attained a more popular circulation than any of his other volumes, which is saying much.

It is an original style of poetry, wonderfully adapted to its subject, and wonderfully attractive, but has been somewhat severely criticised.

Longfellow's notable points "are not power of invention, or vigorous creation, or profound thought," but an extraordinary faculty of observation, and ability of description, both physical and moral, "instinctively selecting picturesque and characteristic details," over which a rich and copious scholarship and facile fancy throw a charm of beauty which makes some of his smaller poems an indescribable delight. His genial humanity, too, is a prominent trait, every-where appearing in his productions, securing for them an eager and affectionate welcome.

The recently-published "Tales of a Wayside Inn" have been heartily welcomed by the public; but it is yet too early to announce the verdict of the popular judgment. Most of the poems contained in the volume have been published in the "Atlantic," and they comprise the most of his contributions to that journal. The "Tales" are supposed to have been told by a company of travelers, chance-met at the tavern of the "Red Horse" in Sudbury, a country town a few miles from Boston. There are a musician,

"Fair-haired, blue-eyed, his aspect blithe,
His figure tall, and straight, and lithe,"

who bends his ear to his instrument,

"And seemed to listen till he caught
Confessions of its secret thought;"

a student; a young Sicilian; "a Spanish Jew from Alicant;"

"A theologian from the school
Of Cambridge on the charter;"

"A poet, too, was there, whose verse
Was tender, musical, and terse:

He did not find his verse less sweet
For music in a neighboring street,
Nor rustling hear in every breeze
The laurels of Miltiades;"

and, finally, the conservative old landlord himself, in whose eyes those "were always greatest" "who had been longest dead." The stories have no connection with each other, but are in perfect keeping with the character of the persons into whose mouths they are put. The connecting interludes are natural and pleasant, and we greatly like the arrangement of the poems in this form, though it has been objected that the whole device is palpably artificial and unnatural. Perhaps this may be true, so far as regards the bringing together of so

many peculiar characters in an out-of-the-way village hotel; but for all that we relish the air which envelops the series of stories all the better for the connection into which they are thrown. Doubtless "Paul Revere's Ride" is, and ever will be, the most popular of them. "It is," says Curtis, "one of the most stirring, ringing, and graphic ballads in the language." Others of the tales are exquisite pieces of literary workmanship, especially "Rabbi Ben Levi," "King Robert of Sicily," and "The Birds of Killingworth."

The volume contains also some "Birds of Passage." "The Children's Hour" has already become familiar to most people who read any thing. "Something Left Undone" expresses somewhat painfully how the poet, the genuine doer, one who has already got past the middle of his fifth decade, appreciates the greatness and number of life's duties.

"Labor with what zeal we will,
Something still remains undone;
Something uncompleted still
Waits the rising of the sun;

Waits, and will not go away;
Waits, and will not be gainsayed;
By the cares of yesterday
Each to-day is heavier made;

Till at last the burden seems
Greater than our strength can bear,
Heavy as the weight of dreams,
Pressing on us every-where."

The poem, of which the following is a stanza, indicates the effect of the dark shadow which two or three years ago fell upon the poetic household in the tragical death of his accomplished wife:

"O little feet! that such long years
Must wander on through hopes and fears,
Must ache and bleed beneath your load;
I, nearer to the wayside inn
Where toil shall cease and rest begin,
Am weary thinking of your road."

OTHER CONTRIBUTORS.

Two of the most prominent of the writers for the "Atlantic"—J. R. Lowell and Professor Agassiz—have been already sketched in a previous group of "celebrities." Others equally brilliant and famous must be reserved for appearance in other connections—among whom we may reckon R. W. Emerson, Whittier, and Mrs. Stowe. Others still, like G. W. Curtis and Bayard Taylor, though among the most popular of writers, are not included within the scope of our general subject. Two of the contributors who were most welcome in certain circles

have ceased to live. H. D. Thoreau was an eccentric genius, an original thinker and writer, a great worshiper of nature, in which he seemed to ignore God, and thus become like Emerson, only more intensely and more naturally so, a brilliant pagan. His articles were on the "Natural History of Massachusetts," "A Walk to Wachusett," "The Succession of Forest Trees," "Autumnal Tints," "A Winter Walk," and such themes, in the handling of which he had no equal. But after all his faith in nature, and in simple methods of life, he scarcely lived out more than half his days.

Theodore Winthrop was another of our brilliant young writers, whose heroic death vied with his rich intellectual gifts in the popular admiration. His star blazed out with sudden and uncommon ardor just before its permanent obscuration. His first recognized appearance before the literary public, in the description of the "March of the New York Seventh Regiment to Washington," excited universal and enthusiastic attention. It was the beginning of a series of articles pertaining to the current events of the war; but before the third was completed he had fallen a sacrifice to the great cause. His descriptions of "Life in the Open Air," and adventures on the frontier, are among the most exciting yet most fully sustained of any in any language. His novels indicate talents of a high order, but are inferior to his other writings.

Of the Rev. Edward Everett Hale, writer of unique and entertaining papers on "My Second, and how he Undid Me," and "The Man Without a Country," of Donald G. Mitchell—Ik Marvel—author of "Reveries of a Bachelor," and "Dream Life," who has been recently contributing some articles on "Wet-Weather Work," of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, some of whose poems have attained a wide celebrity; of C. C. Hazewell, a Boston editor, a most accomplished historical critic, who has enriched the pages of the magazine, as he has other periodicals, with most instructive productions on topics of modern history; of Rev. and Col. T. W. Higginson, a rather heretical kind of Christian, but who is splendid in his lucubrations on "Muscular Christianity"—a good writer and a good fighter; of Richard Frothingham, another Boston editor and historian, who furnished "The Sam Adams Regiments in the Town of Boston;" of Mr. Wasson, a powerful metaphysical writer, somewhat after the style of Emerson, only more readable; and some other such contributors, we have not space to give a description.

A remarkable corps of young writers have been called into active service through the col-

umns of the *Atlantic*. Miss Harriet E. Prescott exhibits a certain wonderful ability. She was scarcely out of her teens when she sent her first article—"In a Cellar"—which indicated such remarkable power of imagination, such comprehension and facility in combination, that the editor doubted its authenticity, and sent a letter of inquiry, and called out a rather smart reply, which came very near being "a flea in the ear" to the skeptic. Her subsequent efforts have hardly surpassed her first, though, perhaps, the sketch entitled "Circumstance" is her most effective production.

"Gail Hamilton" is a more healthy writer than Miss Prescott, though not so surely a creative genius. There is a practical and sensible tone to all her writings, while her "Gala Days," and other such essays, are unsurpassed in the entertainment furnished. The nameless "Author of Margaret Howth" is a less inviting writer, but possessed of originality of style almost as singular in its peculiarities as that of the author of "Jane Eyre," though dissimilar. There is also an occasional morbidness of sentiment which we do not altogether relish. Rose Terry and Louisa M. Alcott are elegant and richly-gifted writers, who, but for the occasional skeptical coloring of their productions, would both charm and profit.

There are many other writers, of whom we have made no mention, who have a local prominence, some of them, perhaps, a national reputation; but the sketches we have given, and the brief allusions we have made, must suffice for our present group.

MODESTY.

AMONG the virtues which ought to secure a kind regard, we universally assign to modesty a high rank. A simple and modest man lives unknown, till a moment, which he could not have foreseen, reveals his estimable qualities and his generous actions. I compare him to the concealed flower, springing from a humble stem, which escapes the view, and is discovered only by its perfume. Pride quickly fixes the eye, and he who is always his own eulogist dispenses every other person from the obligation to praise him. A truly-modest man, emerging from his transient obscurity, will obtain those delightful praises which the heart awards without effort. His superiority, far from being importunate, will become attractive. Modesty gives to talents and virtues the same charm which chastity adds to beauty.

Stanley.

FAITH IN THE RIGHT.

BY LUCY A. OSBAND.

FAITH is a necessity of our nature. Upon its exercise depends the existence of moral power; so that the Scriptural injunction, "Have faith in God," is based upon the profoundest philosophy. Take from a man his confidence in the final triumph of the right, and you take from him the strongest incentive to effort. He who really believes that the world is degenerating, who prophesies only ruin for posterity, can never be a philanthropist or a reformer; his theory precludes active effort. But he who feels that "the sorrowing earth still belongs to the family of God;" who discerns a tendency to good, be it ever so slight; who believes that the world will be regenerated, though it take the time and toil of generations to accomplish it—that man will be found constantly laboring to elevate and bless the race. His life-work, in comparison with the task to be accomplished, may be as the drop to the ocean; but he has the assurance that it will not be lost. The gray light of dawn is to him the sure precursor of the coming day. He may not live to see the sun rise; but with perfect confidence in its coming, he is content to work on, praying and trusting for increasing light.

There are tides in ages, as in seas, and he whose view is limited by the horizon of a single generation, may conclude, because he has fallen upon an ebbing tide, that the ocean is retreating; but he who shares the vision of the All-Seeing One, knows that the waters will return, and that he has but "to labor and to wait." There is no greater trial to the Christian than this ebb-tide, this seeming triumph of sin. It begets within his soul an impatient wish to see the right suddenly and powerfully vindicated, a vague feeling of dissatisfaction with God's forbearance, a restless desire to have the control of affairs in his own hands. To counteract all this there is need of strong faith in God's purposes.

We wonder at the infinitude of God's patience; we wonder how, when wickedness prevails, the arrows of Divine vengeance can slumber in their quiver; how the earth, offering up through all its long ages only the foul incense of mockery and crime, can still be permitted to blot the universe. All these things are mysteries, till we remember that God sees the end from the beginning; that he knows the intercessions of his Son will avail for the guilty earth, and that man will be regenerated and redeemed. To Infinite Wisdom all is well.

The highest good shall in some way be accomplished, and God's name be abundantly glorified. Now, faith, being the evidence of things not seen, stands to us in place of knowledge. Were we omniscient, we should share God's infinite patience; but ignorant though we are, by faith we may rise to those sublime heights where evil can not disturb our confidence in good; where, if the shadow does go back upon the dial, we can turn our eye to the sun and trace its onward course.

It is this impatience with wrong, this want of long-suffering, which prevents our effectual resistance. Slowly, patiently, evil may surely be overcome by good; but spirited resistance, followed by inglorious surrender, actually strengthens the forces of the enemy. The slow growth of what is truly valuable is a lesson hard to learn. Few men, like Bishop Butler, could have laid firm hold of God's purposes, and, in the midst of corruption and degeneracy, built up, with a lifetime of patient labor, that adamant wall which has thus far resisted the combined forces of infidelity. Most men would have met the enemy at first challenge, with shield and lance in the open plain, and the victory, if gained, would have been of comparatively little importance; but he, possessing his soul in patience, achieved a victory unparalleled in all the later history of Christianity.

It is this faith in the right which is the Christian's support in every hour of trial, his reliance in every conflict, his trust on the darkest battle-field.

We of the present generation seem to have fallen upon an ebbing tide of morality. Notwithstanding the great revival of 1858, and the increasing power of the Church for good, there is a decline from the strict principles and correct walk of the generation now passing away. A laxity of opinion and practice prevails in regard to little sins; the fast spirit is working out its legitimate results in rebellion against all right and authority, and in a headlong plunging into crime and ruin. Intemperance prevails; fashionable vices are fearfully on the increase; a reckless, defiant spirit, which fears not God nor regards man, is by far too popular. Now, if ever, the Christian has need of faith in God. His confidence in the final triumph of right must be strong if his heart fail not under this seeming victory of sin. Yet, let him still be of good cheer. If his faith do not waver, nor his hand weary, he shall see the fruit of his labor. Evil shall not triumph. Every good deed is watered by the dews of Heaven, till the time of its fruit-bearing. God rules, and it is enough.

A VISIT AMONG THE WALDENSES.

SECOND ARTICLE.

BY REV. J. H. VINCENT.

IN the large and comfortable parsonage adjacent to the church at La Tour, I breakfasted with my friend Mons. Malan and his interesting family. Morning devotion was conducted before breakfast. It was simply an invocation or prayer—a substitute for our usual “grace”—pronounced by the pastor in French, the family standing about the table. It was very pleasant to meet in the parsonage an American miss, daughter of Rev. Mr. Hall, now laboring in Florence, and granddaughter of Dr. Malan.

After breakfast we proceeded through the snowy streets—the snow still falling—to visit the several literary and benevolent institutions of La Tour. The Waldensian establishments are not numerous, nor are they wealthy. They have been planted through the beneficence of Christian friends in Europe and America; and upon the continuance of these contributions—for several years at least—does their future prosperity depend. The Waldenses are a “feeble folk.” They are the “little remnant” of a people, torn, and scattered, and tormented through many centuries. Exile, and confiscation, with persecution by fire and sword, have reduced and impoverished them. They came forth from their protracted ordeal, retaining only their *faith*. But that “trial of faith being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire,” has developed a Church which shall yet be more than a Golconda to Italy. God has raised up strong helpers in these times for the Waldenses in all parts of the new kingdom, and the results of their faith, patience, and toil are appearing.

We first visited the

ÉCOLE NORMALE,

where young men, between the ages of fifteen and twenty, are prepared for the work of teaching. The Government is assiduous in its efforts to improve the educational system of the country, and the enlightened policy which no longer refuses to employ non-Catholic instructors is wisely improved by the Waldenses. The synod of their Church diligently labors to provide as many teachers from the valleys as possible to meet this national demand. Not only do the teachers of La Tour Normal school go forth as teachers, but also organize Sabbath schools in connection with the Waldensian chapels planted throughout Italy. To prepare them for this work they are employed, during their Normal

course, as monitors and teachers in the large and flourishing Sabbath school of La Tour.

The Normal department is held in the college building. This fine edifice was erected several years ago, through the munificence and labors of Dr. Gilly, of Durham, England. He paid a visit to La Tour in 1823, and again at a later date. His reports and pleas in England awakened much sympathy for the Vaudois, and five thousand pounds sterling were soon raised. This college is the result. It is a substantial and handsome edifice, built of stone, and measures about one hundred feet in length, and three stories in height.

Upon our entering the largest recitation-room in the Normal department, the boys rose, bowed, and said, “*Bon jour, Messieurs*,” resuming their seats as soon as chairs were provided for us. A recitation in geography was in progress. The Italian language is now used in the La Tour schools, though the people generally speak French. The use of the latter tongue has been encouraged by their connection with the Swiss and Genevan schools and churches, and their almost entire seclusion from Italy. For many years after the Reformation there was no theological school among the Vaudois, and their young men were educated for the ministry at Lausanne and Geneva. In 1630, when the plague scourged Italy so cruelly, thirteen out of the fifteen Waldensian pastors died, and their places were filled by Protestant ministers from France and Switzerland. This accounts, also, for the use of the old Swiss liturgies in the Waldensian Church. But now the mountains of bigotry and intolerance that shut in the evangelical Christians of Piedmont are crumbling. The trumpet of liberty has sounded. Its echoes, louder than the roar of avalanche, sweeter than the Alpine shepherd’s song, have borne away the massive barriers between Evangelical Piedmont and Romish Piedmont; and now that all Italy opens its broad fields and ancient cities to the Bible and the Waldensian preacher and teacher, La Tour adopts the Italian tongue in all its schools, tries to introduce it into the families, and plants its theological hall in Florence, where the purest Tuscan dialect can be put into the mouths of the young candidates for its ministry.

I was highly gratified with the appearance of the Normal students. They are active, intelligent-looking fellows. The recitation was conducted with spirit, indicating thoroughness on the part of teacher and pupils. The school-room is finely furnished, the best English, French, and German charts and maps adorning the walls. It was a pleasant reminder of home, and the

best school-rooms there. Many of the students are supported by the contributions of benevolent friends in England, France, and Germany. A bursary of £25 will carry a young man through the Normal course of three years. In the various parishes of the valleys pupils in the Grammar schools are supported in the same way. This dependence of the Waldensian youth upon the sympathy, contributions, and educational appliances of Northern Europe and of Britain, is one of their greatest advantages. It imparts a spirit of enterprise, brings them into contact with the progressive ideas and the strongest thinkers and workers of the age; and to their inherited faith and sturdy principle attaches the various appliances, intellectual, social, and ecclesiastical, by which the Protestants of Germany, France, England, and America are subduing the world unto themselves. The weakness of the Waldenses is their strength. The old Waldensian heart welcomes and its arm wields the new Protestant methods and ideas. The fervor and faithfulness of the first century employ the ever-multiplying facilities of the nineteenth.

COLLEGE OF THE TRINITY.

This is the name given to the Waldensian college by Dr. Gilly, its founder. From time to time large contributions have been made to the institution by English friends. At the synod of 1862, held at St. Jean, it reported fifty-seven students, and an overture made by the friends of the Royal College at Turin, to identify it with that institution, was rejected.

We first visited a recitation-room in which a class of five young men were listening attentively to a lecture in Italian on "The Life and Philosophy of Bacon." In another room Prof. Tron, one of the early graduates of the college, was conducting a recitation in the Italian Testament. Mr. Malan interpreted to me the exegesis and analysis of a paragraph in the Gospel of St. John, presented extempore by one of the youngest students. It was a fine performance. The familiarity of the Waldenses with the Holy Scriptures is one of the facts upon which the Protestant historian dwells with delight. No persecution has prevented the study of the Scripture among them.

Thuanus, an ancient writer, himself a Roman Catholic, in his account of the Waldenses, at a time when they suffered the most from poverty and oppression, says: "Poor as they are, they are content, and live in a state of seclusion from the rest of mankind. One thing is very remarkable, that persons externally so savage and rude should have so much moral cultivation.

They can all read and write; they know French sufficiently for the understanding of the Bible and the singing of Psalms. You can scarcely find a boy among them who can not give you an intelligible account of the faith which they profess."

They gave to their children the best education possible. When no other book was to be found, they used the Bible as text-book, as well as consoler and counselor. Now, though the rich literary treasures of the nineteenth century are provided for them, the blessed Bible is not forsaken, and even in their college course the young Waldensians are trained to the most critical study of its pages. No other recitations being in progress at the time, we repaired to

THE COLLEGE LIBRARY.

The collection of books is not large, but increases steadily as the work and wants of the institution are appreciated by the Church abroad. A department is devoted to American publications. I am sorry they are not more largely represented. Several fine paintings and engravings adorn the walls. Here is a picture of Dr. Gilly, who founded the college in 1833, and of Gen. Beckwith, to whose benevolence and active exertions the valleys owe so much. He was an officer in the British army in the Peninsula, and lost a leg at the battle of Waterloo. Never having married, he was at liberty to spend much of his time among the Waldenses. He erected school-houses, assisted in different benevolent organizations, gave counsel and aid in agricultural and public affairs, introduced various improvements among the people, expending nearly or quite thirty thousand dollars out of his own pocket, during his life, in aiding them. At his own expense he has erected handsome parish school-houses, and a large number of plain, stone buildings for the same purpose. Through his influence over one hundred and fifty schools have been established in the valleys. Dr. Baird makes this allusion to him: "No man living is so much esteemed as Col. Beckwith. His portrait, lithographed at Paris, and neatly framed, is almost the only ornament which one sees in many of their cottages. There he is represented, just as they so often see him, with his wooden leg, his gun on his shoulder, and his dog at his side. Wherever he hobbles he is welcome. He is known by no other name than '*le brave Colonel*,' and '*le pauvre Colonel*.' On one of the school-houses in the parish of St. Jean is an inscription to this effect: '*Whosoever passes this way, let him bless the name of Col. Beckwith.*'"

Colonel—afterward General—Beckwith died

among the Waldenses on the 19th of May, 1862. Mr. Malan paid a beautiful tribute to his memory at the London Convention.

The Waldenses have also great veneration for Cromwell and Milton. Very fine engravings of the Protector and his Secretary hang in the college library. And good reason the people have for this veneration. In 1655 the combined forces of Piedmont, France, and Germany entered the valleys and gained possession of La Tour, St. Jean, and Angrogna. On the 24th of April commenced that scene of infernal barbarity which has been recorded by Leger and Sir Samuel Morland. Houses and churches were destroyed, infants dashed against the rocks, the sick and dying buried alive, mothers and daughters violated in each other's presence, and all these outrages perpetrated in the name of religion. It was when the account of these transactions reached England, that Milton penned that famous sonnet:

"Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold;
Ev'n them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshiped stocks and stones,
Forget not; in thy book record their groans
Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piedmontese, that rolled
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To heaven. Their martyred blood and ashes sow
O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
The triple tyrant; that from these may grow
A hundredfold, who, having learned thy way,
Early may fly the Babylonian woe."

Cromwell, too, "rose like a lion" when he heard of these things. As we looked at Cromwell's picture Mr. Malan said: "When that old hero heard of our people's sufferings he was angry, and sent word to the Duke of Savoy, 'If you don't let the Waldenses alone I will make war against you.'" I find elsewhere this statement: "So earnest was Cromwell in this affair that he is reported to have declared to the Duke of Savoy, that if he did not discontinue his persecutions he would cause a fleet to sail over the Alps to defend the Waldenses."

The Protector immediately appointed a day of fasting and prayer, called on the English people for contributions, gave two thousand pounds sterling from his private purse, and dispatched a messenger to the Duke of Savoy, by way of the French court, pleading in behalf of the exiled people. John Milton, his Latin Secretary, wrote letters to the Kings of Sweden and Denmark, to the Lords of the United Provinces, and to the Swiss cantons. These earnest appeals, written by the great poet, should be

better known. The public collection of England in behalf of the Waldenses amounted at that time to *thirty-eight thousand, two hundred and forty-two pounds, ten shillings and sixpence*. Well may the present Vaudois dwell with pleasure on the memory of Cromwell, and Milton, and Beckwith.

In a cabinet containing several curiosities and relics Mr. Malan exhibited an old rusty gun, belonging to Capt. Janevel, who, in 1655, defended the little village of Rora against an army of ten thousand men, which had been sent to destroy the place because they refused to attend mass. The poor people answered the demand thus: "We prefer death a thousand times to the mass, since you have never been able to show that Jesus Christ and his apostles celebrated it. If, after burning our houses, you should cut down our trees, our Heavenly Father will be our good provider." Right valiantly did Janevel and his soldiers demean themselves. Their foes found that God was with the persecuted band at Rora.

But quite too long have I detained my readers about the college and its library. We proceeded next to the

PENSIONNAT,

or boarding-school for girls, where we listened to several Italian and French songs by the girls of the valleys. Some of the tunes are American. At the close of a short address which I made to the pupils, they said, "Merci, merci, Monsieur"—"Thank you! thank you, sir!" Several of the girls were very pretty, and nearly all gave indications of unusual intelligence. The school was well conducted.

THE ORPHLINAT

is the La Tour orphan asylum, in which fifty homeless little ones of the valleys are cared for and educated. They sat in groups when we entered. One band surrounded a low table, and was busy braiding straw. Several hats manufactured in the institution were shown me. Another little circle was knitting, others were sewing, or spooling thread. They were quiet, busy, happy little ones, and the kind matron ministered to them with all the fondness of a mother. I made a little speech to the orphan group, and Mr. Malan followed with a short and simple prayer in French, at the close of which they all said, "Merci, merci."

THE PUBLIC SCHOOL

of the town is held in an old convent, in the erection of which the Waldenses, two centuries ago, labored like the Israelites of Egypt.

Over the entrance to the yard surrounding the convent the following motto has been recently painted: "Suffer the little children to come unto me." There was little to interest us in this school. The upper part of the building is in an unfinished state; Mr. Malan is anxious to complete it for a Sabbath school room.

THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

I regretted exceedingly not being able to spend a Sabbath among the good people of La Tour. From Mr. Malan I received some facts concerning his Sabbath school which will not be uninteresting to my readers. This cause has been welcomed among the Waldenses. The following sentiment occurs in their annual report to the synod of 1861: "The prosperity of the Sunday school will be the enrichment of the Church. But in order to this, persevering and wisely-directed efforts are necessary. It is not enough to be convinced that the Sunday school is a good thing: it is necessary to give attention to make it a good thing in every parish." There are two thousand children in the Sabbath schools of the Waldenses, including their mission stations. Their schools are conducted on the modern English and French plan, and are performing a most important work in the evangelization of Italy. There is a Sunday school in every parish and on every mission station. The La Tour school numbers three hundred pupils, and meets every Sabbath afternoon at three o'clock. The storms, deep snows, and cold of Winter do not close it. It has three departments—the inferior, middle, and catechumen. There is a fine parish library in connection with the school, with books for adults and children. Anniversaries and "Christmas-tree" entertainments have recently been introduced among the Waldenses, and the results of them are spoken of by Mrs. Malan very favorably.

So the work goes on in Italy under the superintendence of this Waldensian band. The prospects of the new nation are flattering. Liberty and religion are entering the land. Every day witnesses some new conquest, or fresh advance. In all departments the signs of the times are auspicious. The publication and popularity of liberal papers, the free circulation of the Scriptures, liberty of conscience, the large number of colporteurs, the system of national education, the railway system, uniting all parts of the peninsula, the establishment of hospitals by the Government, in which the afflicted of all creeds are cared for, the opening of cemeteries to the Protestant dead, the multitude of protesting priests, the establishment of the Claudian press in Florence, where Bibles

and religious tracts are published, the funeral services, held by Waldensian and other evangelical ministers, attended by so many Catholics, affording opportunities for preaching a pure Gospel, the forcing of discussions upon the priests, the appearance of liberal pamphlets and articles by leading Italian scholars and statesmen, and prints against the temporal power—these are some of the indications which fill the Christian heart with hope in behalf of Italy. And among her noblest workers—to receive in the great consummation the richest rewards—are our heroic brethren, the Waldenses.

THE WIND.

BY ELLEN E. MACK.

A PLEASANT thing is the Summer wind,
That all the sweets of the rose doth find,
And wafts them on to your grateful sense
With a gentle sigh, as of bliss intense.

It comes like a sister, sweet and fair,
And parts back the locks of your heavy hair,
With a kiss and a whisper, and loving caress,
That all the springs of your being bless!

A pensive thing is the Autumn wind,
A spirit of gladness and grief combined,
As it breathes o'er the landscape, so gorgeous to-day,
With the whisper, prophetic, "*Passing away!*"

A fearful thing is the Winter wind,
When it sweeps along as with fury blind,
Swaying the bare trees to and fro,
Hurling in drifts the fleecy snow.

I lie in wakefulness to-night,
Wishing for the morning light;
Shivering with fear upon my bed,
As I hear the storm-king's mighty tread!

Ha! how he shakes the homestead old,
That hath stood 'gainst tempests manifold;
Like a demon pushing to overthrow,
Or a giant's step in the room below!

I lie and shudder while it raves;
My thoughts go out on the world of waves,
And I fancy a sound which the storm can not drown—
The shriek of the mariner going down!

Ah! the wind is a spirit of wondrous power;
We little reck in the Summer hour,
When it wafteth around us such odorous bliss,
That its temper could change to a fierceness like this!

We little know as upon Life's sea
We sail 'neath a clear sky joyously,
Of what rude storms we may be the sport,
Ere our weary bark shall enter port!

But, landed safe on that "hither shore,"
No storms shall beat, no tempests roar;
The wave-tossed mariner finds it blest,
After life's voyage, in heaven to rest!

BOREAL NIGHTS.

BY REV. E. F. TEFPT, D. D.

NIGHT THE NINETEENTH.

I CAN not consent to send out the general statement of the form of immorality expressed in my last without accompanying it with those partial alleviations which other writers have failed to state. Men have everywhere inferred from the naked statistics of the case that the Swedes are among the most licentious people of modern times. This is not the truth. They are naturally a people of moderate passions, of great intellectuality, and of deep moral feeling. Open female vice is not tolerated, and is scarcely known among them. No solicitors to sin are seen upon the streets. There are no houses or places set apart to crime, and a gentleman might reside here for years without meeting with a solitary temptation to an unlawful act. The practice complained of is altogether of another sort. It is the practice of living together without marriage, and that not from an excess of passion, or from any natural weakness of moral feeling, but from the impossibility of being legally united, as before explained, or from the almost equal impossibility of supporting life in the ordinary way. For the sake of compelling all men to think and act alike in matters of religion, the State has driven the most thoughtful and a very honest and virtuous class of subjects to the reception of a social vice; and, to keep up that ostentation which constitutes the soul of a monarchy, it has not only made it cheaper to break the law of marriage than to keep it, but put honorable wedlock far beyond the reach of a large and increasing portion of a naturally upright and virtuous population. All those to whom marriage is denied by law, and a large proportion of those compelled to a legal celibacy but actual cohabitation by the extravagant taxation of the kingdom, which places the open family relation beyond their means, defend their personal virtue and the morality of their practice, as the laws of all nations defend stealing, homicide, and other crimes on the ground of that older and more universal law of necessity, which, under certain circumstances, is acknowledged throughout the world; and it must be added as a fact well known in Sweden that when these two parts of the erring population are subtracted from all those guilty of illegitimacy in any form, the remaining transgressors who practice vice for its own sake are as few in number as will be found of the same class in any nation of the

globe. Let the government be made cheap, and the Church tolerant, and the Swedes would at once be ranked among the most moral as they now are among the most intellectual and enterprising people of modern times.

II. There may be some to ask why a man can not support a family legitimately constituted as cheaply as he can support the same family in an illegal form. He might do this in the United States but not in Europe. With us a man needs to make no show to insure respectability. Let him be as poor as was Silas Wright, he yet may be a Governor if he possesses the talents and virtues fitting him for so high a place. Daniel Webster was never worth as much as would buy a little farm, but he could stand as our ablest and most respected senator for twenty or thirty years, and represent us to other nations and future ages as our greatest public man. The same things are equally possible in the private walks of life. No ostentation is required to give a true man his natural position in our social circles.

In Europe, on the contrary, a person is respected according to the amount of extravagance he is able to maintain. The principle pervades every stratum of the social state. The man wearing a crown must "*show* himself a king," and the poorest peasant in the land is a peasant only because he can make no show at all. So, if a person marries and keeps a house he is ranked at once by the exhibition he can make within his dwelling, and in his intercourse with the outer world. If he remains legally single, on the contrary, he may live privately as a married man without the loss of reputation and avoid the expenses of a family establishment, as he is not compelled by public opinion to maintain a condition which he does not acknowledge. An expensive Government first makes this mode of life seem to the people a sort of necessity, and then the established Church furnishes no corrective to the moral sentiment by which it is defended and approved.

The fault, therefore, is the natural fruit of a system of government more expensive than is justified by the resources of the country; and the reasons why the religion of the land does not denounce and remove this general criminality are found in that indifference always accompanying a State establishment where there are no rival denominations to stir it up to consciousness, to duty, and to self-respect.

It must not be believed, therefore, from the reported numbers of illegimates in Sweden that the Swedes are so degraded as has been generally supposed. Naturally, and according

to their own convictions, they are as moral and as refined a people in their sentiments as are the inhabitants of Scotland or of the United States; but they have been gradually warped off from the recognition of Biblical morality and from the acknowledged basis of the true family relation by a force emanating from the structure of the State, which, willingly or unwillingly, has not been overcome, if it has been properly resisted, by the Church. Indeed, the Church itself, as well as all dissenters, are included in this criminal condition, for it is not to be forgotten that every Swede is born a Church member, while the dissenters we have found to be compelled to the practice of cohabitation without marriage, or to celibacy during life; and the whole evil, therefore, or nearly the whole of it, is to be referred to that governmental system, which, however it may be borne in countries of large and indefinite resources, is so costly as to make a strict morality difficult to a majority of the population, and so intolerant as to render it impossible to those whose consciences will not suffer them to remain quiescent parties to this state of things. Many of these men of conscience, nevertheless, are bound by ties inseparable to their native land; they acknowledge their criminality in the eye of the law, but not in the sight of God, who, they believe, beholds their condition, and pardons or justifies their offense; but hundreds of these, as well as thousands of those not able to support the family relation in the lawful way, are annually thinning the population of the kingdom by removing to less expensive countries, and particularly to the United States.

III. It may be that such monarchies as France and England will be pointed to as proof that this style of government is consistent with great national prosperity and wealth. These countries are certainly powerful and wealthy; but, as in every monarchy, the wealth and power are lodged in the hands of the few, while the many work hard to make their living, and a large proportion stand on the verge of actual starvation. It is the nature of a monarchy to produce these great inequalities in the condition of its subjects. During the passing year the Parliament of Britain has voted an annual stipend to the Prince of Wales equal to the combined salaries of twenty of our first public men; they have paid a debt of his contracting, created by his profligacy, which would provide a year's maintenance for a hundred and fifty families; and, at the same time, many English families have been bordering upon starvation for the want of bread, and not a few persons have actually died, in sight of aristocratic ex-

travagance and splendor, because they could find nothing at all to eat.

What a commentary on the monarchical form of government!

There is a single family in England, not of the royal house, whose income would have fed all the starving operatives of the cotton districts for the last year, and left for its own expenses more than twice as much as the united salaries of our President and of every member of his cabinet! How can the Grosvenors roll and riot in such magnificence; how can the whole nobility and the royal family squander such untold sums, when they read in every newspaper that there are thousands of their countrymen—men, women, and little children—perishing for the want of those sums which these lords, after satisfying their expensive lusts, throw away upon their sporting horses and packs of good-for-nothing dogs!

The only reason is, that England is a monarchy, which is a form of government based on these wide extremes in the condition of the people.

There is wealth enough in England to make every inhabitant not only comfortable, but independent; but it is the genius of its government for one class to own the bulk of its possessions, real and personal, so that they may stand as a wall about the throne, and defend it from the democratic spirit of a hard-working and impoverished population. The working people remain working people, and generally, also, poor, from generation to generation; but the nobility, who own the capital of the country, are adding continually to their untold riches; the rich, in other words, are becoming richer, and the poor poorer and more numerous, as the realm advances in its career of fictitious greatness; and this is all that can be said of the existing power and wealth of England. The aristocratic class can annually and hourly increase their luxury, because they are continually learning how to take a little more, not only out of their lawful business, but also out of the flesh and blood of the laboring millions; and this is the prosperity of their country.

The country can support this growing luxury, because of its vast possessions in every region of the world, with which its trade increases in some proportion to the increasing expensiveness of the government and of the ruling classes.

England, therefore, may endure the process for some time to come, because she has not yet reached the limits of her possible business, nor of the patience of the losing portion of her people. But England is no fit example for less fortunate countries. She is no example to

France, where there is less wealth at the present, and far less resources for the future. She is not an example for the Scandinavian nations; for their accumulations at home are comparatively very small, while their possessions abroad are nearly worthless; and though a monarchy will ultimately ruin the richest country, it sooner reaches the brink of the precipice in a land like Sweden, where the capital and resources to be wasted are not so ample.

The state of the case in Sweden is simply this—as I am instructed by the best statisticians—that, while the toiling peasantry have been already crowded down to the verge of a bare existence, and that on the coarsest fare, the higher classes are gradually becoming poorer by their luxury. The conclusion is, therefore, that the country is now actually parting with its means, and gradually sinking into poverty. Its chief export is iron; and yet the coffee and sugar imported exceeds the value of this staple. The tobacco consumed here is reported to cost as much as would give bread to the people using it. Many other imported luxuries must be added to make up the entire account; and it is all contained and expressed in the startling fact, that the imports exceed the exports by a sum which will bankrupt the nation within the period of a few successive generations. Within a single century from now Sweden will not own herself, but will be owned, under mortgages, by other countries, unless this system of expenditure is stopped in time to save this interesting country from the coming desolation.

IV. When listening to such mournful statements, and when looking over the clear and voluminous reports which justify them, my heart has been stirred within me, and I have a thousand times wished that I could hold such a position in the country—if it were only for a day—as would give me the ear of the inhabitants, that I might venture a word to them as to the means of rescuing them from their unfortunate condition. There is enough produced here in Sweden, I am satisfied, to give to every person whatever is demanded for his comfort. Though all must eat, even as things now are, there is a surplus of grain and other produce annually exported to foreign countries. The part consumed at home, indeed, is quite ample for the whole population, if it were properly divided out among them. *Production* is not, in fact, the leading question in the political economy of Sweden: the great question is that of *distribution*. While there is a plenty for every inhabitant, if properly distributed, a portion of the people have so much that they

are thrown into habits of extravagance, while a larger portion have so little that they can scarcely support life, even by a system of economy involving habits of actual immorality.

How, then, is the distribution to be made what it ought to be? That is the great, vital, all-including question for Sweden, before the time for discussing and settling it favorably shall have forever passed. We can not, of course, by a sudden and arbitrary process—by any agrarian method—demand of the rich to disgorge their wealth, and make a re-division of the national property among the people of the nation. Agrarianism was twice tried in Rome, but it produced nothing but confusion and ill-will. It has been tried in England, with the same results. It never can accomplish any thing valuable toward the reformation of this social evil. It is only a temporary expedient against a constantly-accumulating difficulty, which, like a disease settled upon the constitution, returns upon the patient the moment the palliating remedy is laid aside. The monarchical form of government breeds the distemper of inordinate social inequality; and to divide the property of the State equally among the people, at any particular time, is only to remove the trouble for a moment, but to leave the generating cause of it at work. Could the real and personal property of Sweden be apportioned to-day to all the families of the kingdom, according to their respective numbers, to-morrow there would be some having acquired, in one night, by their political and social influence, more than their natural share; and others, as a consequence, would be found, in the morning, possessing less. We are not to exert ourselves upon existing results, but upon the causes that have produced them; we are not to waste our energies and skill upon the stream; but, like the old Hebrew prophet, cast the salt into the fountain whence the waters flow. Sweden wants, indeed, to cure its social ills, another style of government; a style not naturally too expensive for its resources; a style which will adapt its cost, in every particular, not to the extravagance of its rulers, but to the means and disposition of the people. I will not say that that style of government must necessarily be republican; for there are other grades of government, besides the one now in vogue, which would cost less than a hereditary monarchy. Of all systems of government the hereditary monarchy is the most expensive, because the royal family, with all its collateral branches, must be provided for; and it has an abundance of time, during its long life, not only to grasp for itself much of

the wealth of the nation, but to bestow upon its favorite families, and upon the nobility in general, vast sums equally extorted from the hard earnings of the population. The republican form of government is the least expensive, because it is the government of the people, without any royal and noble families to aggrandize, and with no temptations to spending money beyond the actual and always moderate necessities of the administration. Between these extremes there are several forms of mixed government, containing some of the elements of both the other forms, and possessing some of the virtues and vices of them both.

If Sweden is not prepared for republicanism, she might, at first, as a step toward a better state, return to her original system of an elective monarchy; for an elective monarchy must rely continually on the affections and confidence of the people: it is, in fact, one form of a popular government attended by a portion of the stability claimed for all monarchies; it is also far cheaper than the hereditary monarchy, as there is really no royal family and, necessarily, no nobility to establish and aggrandize themselves by appropriating the property rightfully belonging to their subjects; and this is the form, too, under which this country attained to its greatest power and population, arriving at such importance as to break over its own geographical boundaries, to stand in a commanding attitude before the walls of Constantinople, and at last to give a new master to the Empire of Rome.

But I shall maintain, for myself, however, that Sweden is prepared so well for a republican form of government as to have no reason to fear any bad results from the reception of it. The great Montesquieu has laid down the fundamental ideas of the three leading styles of government. In an absolute monarchy he makes *fear* the ruling force and the pervading sentiment; in a limited monarchy he gives the same offices to *honor*; and he constructs a powerful sentence to set forth *virtue* as both the product and the prerequisite of a genuine republic. And, accepting this statement, I am well satisfied that, with all the existing social irregularities of Sweden, there is natural virtue enough among the people for the support of a popular form of government.

The establishment of such a government would at once take off the pressure of an insupportable monarchical taxation; the people, having the nation wholly at their own disposal, would vote for expenses no more than they could afford to pay; the contagious examples of royal and noble extravagance would be

removed; the population, paying but little for that government whose functions they would themselves perform, would have the means of making that little less whenever any untoward circumstances should temporarily diminish their productions; and so, under this cheap self-management, there would be no temptations to vice, no premiums offered to immorality, from the very nature and operation of the government, while every man would have the natural earnings of his labor, and be able to live comfortably and independently on what he had had the ability to produce.

A free government, also, would be the parent and guardian of a free conscience, a free religion, a free and, therefore, a living Church. Such a Church would not need to disfranchise non-communicants, and compel them to the general acceptance of a vice, but would stand upon its own merits; and these would at once improve by the force of that healthy rivalry always existing between different organizations working for a common end. While the necessity now pleaded for immorality would be removed, a living ministry, divided, it is true, but, for that very reason, striving to outdo one another in doing good, would soon bring out the latent virtue of the people, which would be constantly rising by cultivation to a higher point, till the moral feelings of the population would tolerate no departures, in high or low, from the institutions established for the best good of the world by the law of God.

But it is a principle of philosophy, as well as a fact in history, that virtue is always followed by intelligence. A man is vicious because he will not think. Reflection, reading, thinking would bring him to his senses, and terminate his evil course; and when that course is terminated, when he has come to himself as a reflecting and thinking being, the exercise of his mental faculties has the natural tendency to render him increasingly intellectual. Every such man is only a type of all similar men; and a virtuous community will always provide itself with the means of intelligence, and take, also, the greatest care that each generation, as it rises, shall have the means of constantly improving in intellectual cultivation.

The means saved from the cost and extravagance of a monarchical form of government, also, would always be sufficient to pay the expenses of this system of popular education; the savings from individual extravagance, brought upon the people by the example and spirit of a government of ostentation, would soon make the population every-where comfortable, and, at length, rich; and thus, a country character-

ized by virtue and intelligence, and blessed with the advantages of wealth, would at once be such a country as to bind all its inhabitants to itself, instead of compelling them, from motives, pecuniary and religious, to seek for more tolerable circumstances in the most distant climes. To express it in concise terms, Sweden would then cease the self-exhausting labor of raising populations for freer and therefore more prosperous lands.

V. It may be thought that, in this whole strain of reasoning, I have been only making an argument in favor of the republican form of government. This is really not the object of this article; and yet I know not why I may not present to the thinking people of Sweden the example of the United States in proof of the cheapness of a good government, and of the influence of such a government upon the prosperity and worldly success of those enjoying it. It is a fact, known throughout the world, that American citizens possess more personal freedom, and yet are more obedient to the principles of law and order, while they are as undeniably more successful in all industrial and business operations than any other in the history of mankind. We are, beyond all comparison, the most thriving nation of the globe.

During our periods of peace we have amassed wealth with unprecedented rapidity; our national expenditures have been so light as never to require any direct taxation of the people; the revenue derived from our commerce has been sufficient to meet all the demands of the Government; and we have once, at least, after discharging every debt, had a surplus of funds to be distributed among the several States.

In times of war, whether fighting against weak nations, or against the most powerful and wealthy of the world, we have always had the ability and the means to bring our opponents to our own terms; we have never failed of the most complete success in any military enterprise; and now that we encounter the most formidable rebellion of which history gives any record, we have been able to maintain the struggle without calling for a dollar from any foreign country, while the nation is actually making an addition to its capital. War, and especially rebellion, is a depleting and weakening process in every other country; but with us, so singularly self-sustaining is a republican form of government, the greatest conflict of time has actually developed our resources, and increased the material prosperity of our population. The census of 1864, if taken at its close—after deducting all the waste occasioned by the war—would make us a wealthier people than we were

in 1860. By immigration, even during the contest, we have gained a larger population than we have lost in camps, in hospitals, and on the field of battle. We have been compelled by the rebellion to augment our army and navy, as well as to make such improvements in both departments, that we shall come out of it not only with a fine military discipline, but as the first military power on earth.

On land, and within our own territory, we shall be such a power as to defy the rivalry, or jealousy, or combined opposition of all nations; and on the sea we shall take the rank, and may exercise the dominion, if we should be called upon to do it, so long held by England. So self-depending, self-recuperating, and self-sustaining is our system of self-government, and so almost mysterious is its facility of finding new resources under untried circumstances, that we not only surpass all countries in prosperity during our eras of peace, but we are pushed into greater success, importance, and power by the very calamities which threaten other nations with destruction.

Is it not remarkable, and even wonderful, that the people of all Europe are flocking to our shores for an improvement of their condition, even while we are passing through the struggles of the war? and as to our financial credit, it ought to be sufficient for the satisfaction of every person, that, while there is not one European State stock at par, and has not been for many years, the notes of our Government, calling for gold, or received in payment of all public dues, have been, since the war began, as good as the gold itself. It is only those classes of paper which do not call for specie payment, and which are not receivable for all sorts of dues, that have at any time fallen below the price of gold; in other words, the Government notes of every description have had precisely the same relative value, during the bloodiest of all civil wars, that they would have borne, and will bear, in times of peace. So strong is our popular Government, and so able to meet every difficulty, that its stocks are at this time more popular in Europe than the European stocks themselves; for at this moment of writing, when the balance seems to be suspended evenly between North and South, and no man can certainly foresee the issue of the next impending battle, I quote the following from a German newspaper of the highest character: "Every body is buying American national stocks, to the neglect of European securities, and the rates are constantly advancing. How is this to be accounted for? Simply on the ground that people believe the American Union will not only be restored, but become

more permanent and powerful than ever, while they do *not* believe in the permanency of the existing state of things in Europe." Whatever speculative philosophers, therefore, and aristocratic politicians, interested against the success of all self-government, may undertake to say upon the subject, the commercial barometer, more sensitive than any other index, and itself the exponent of the world's general opinion and most careful judgment, gives the true value of the Republic as established in the United States; and I think it is not too much to say that Sweden might enjoy the same blessings by the same institutions of a free civil government, so far as a kingdom of limited advantages can compare with a country whose breadth is so great and whose resources are so boundless.

VI. The line of policy to be pursued by this beautiful land, called Sweden, and by this most interesting people, is a very direct and simple one. First, let Sweden take to herself a republican, or, at least, the cheapest form of government; let her abolish all ranks, orders, and castes among her people; let every man have an equal position before the law, and an equal chance for the elevation of himself in the scale of life, and in the improvement of his fortune; let the free press and the free speech now enjoyed be perfected by the addition of a free conscience, so that no man shall be compelled to be a hypocrite, nor be forced to sanction the practice of immorality; let the working population be relieved, not only of their personal obligations to their provincial rulers, or patrons, but also every inferior class—as now constituted—of the incitements to extravagant living as furnished by the luxurious habits of those now titled masters; let the new free government discourage the general use of those commodities, such as liquors and tobacco, which not only add nothing to the comfort of mankind, but injure and sometimes impoverish the users of them, besides leading to habits of idleness and immorality destructive to the peace, prosperity, and strength of any country; and let her press right forward in the application of the fundamental principles of a free government to every interest of her people, and she will at once commence a career which shall soon surpass all former ages, and bring her at length to the maximum of her power and glory.

But why waste words on such visionary suggestions to an old and settled country? Nay, reader, not so fast! Sweden is old, I grant; but far from being politically settled. Her present constitution is but little more than half a century old; and it was adopted and proclaimed as the best attainable result of an unfin-

ished revolution. That revolution has never ceased to exist as an agitating force in the bosoms of the Swedish people. It is now quietly but powerfully at work, either within, or upon, every class of the population. At the very Diet now in session the most radical alterations in the fundamental laws have been voted to be proposed to the people for their consideration; and if the people ratify them, more than half the distance between what Sweden now is, and what it would be under a republic, will have been passed over by the nation.

Nor, in that event, should I doubt the ultimate adoption of an entirely-free government, as free, at least, as that of England, and, perhaps, as free as our own under our present glorious Constitution. The king has signed the propositions; the nobles and peasantry are largely in favor of them; there is encountered but little hearty opposition, excepting from the established clergy, who are always the most conservative class in every revolution, and the most sullen opponents of all improvements; but it happens, fortunately, that, in this respect, their political influence is not great in Sweden.

To show precisely what that influence is, I will mention the manner in which their order has been treated, by the leading newspaper of the kingdom, in relation to a single item in the general effort at reformation. The Diet had undertaken to abolish the practice of capital punishment. Its success at last was stopped short by the opposition of the State clergy. The *Aftonbladt*, the first journal of the country, closed a cutting review of their proceeding by the following exclamation: "How singular it is, to say nothing more, that whenever reforms are called for by the love of humanity, or by the progress of civilization, the priests, who *profess* to be our guides, are nearly always ready to appeal to tradition and prejudices—in short, to oppose a thousand obstacles to any improvement by legislation!" It is scarcely necessary to add that when leading citizens talk in that way of their religious teachers, it is very certain the influence of those teachers has ceased to be important; and I will only say, as I lay down my pen, what is in the mouth of every enlightened observer from other countries, that the very first step in the work of self-redemption for this splendid old country to take, is to meet the conservative opposition of the clergy, and lay down the corner-stone of all civil liberty by proclaiming anew the doctrine of Martin Luther—a free religion and a liberated conscience; or, in his own words, "*An open Bible and the right of private judgment!*"

MRS. WHITNEY'S PUPIL.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

SHE went up the cool, pleasant, winding paths which led to the house, and on either side of her were clumps of dark, graceful shrubbery, and lines of hedges; and her ears caught the silver tinkle of a fountain which leaped like a living joy from out of its coral basin in the wide, green park which sloped down to the river; while the fragrance of Summer flowers poured a delicious sweetness through the still air. She kept on her way to the house, looking about her on the lavish grace and beauty with no joy nor recognition in her dark, large, sorrowful eyes. I think her face grew paler as she gazed; the mouth settled into more mournful lines at that moment: all this beauty, and quiet, and grace was bitterness and mockery to the soul of Margaret Whitney. Such dark, hopeless days, such a stress of trial and misfortune had fallen into this woman's life, that for a while it seemed that her heart had utterly failed her: her trust in God's loving care and watchfulness, which she once thought had taken such deep root in her soul that no storms raging darkly through the years could have power to shake it, seemed utterly torn up now; the light of her hope and faith seemed to have gone out in the winds which had come down—the long, fierce, terrible winds which had beaten in from the sea and wrecked her.

I believe there are many souls of Christian men and women in the world who have had an experience akin to Mrs. Whitney's, who have gone down for a while, through a series of bitter losses and trials, into a valley as dark and cold as the one in which this woman walked, seeing no light upon the mountains.

But she kept on, with a weight at her heart which made her feet move slowly along the gravel walk, till she reached the broad, stone steps which led up to the house. She stood here a moment and looked up at it. What a quiet, elegant home it was—the large, Gothic, brown-stone mansion in the midst of those beautiful grounds, with its broad veranda, and tasteful balconies, and deep windows! Yet there was no effort at display: every-where a taste, fine and simple, had projected every thing here. I think, if it were possible, that the shadow deepened a little on the face of Mrs. Whitney—a face that would have impressed you among a thousand; not that it was beautiful, whatever it might have been in its bud and bloom; but it was singularly interesting—a pale face, past its thirties, but of most

delicate molding from chin to forehead, with lips which had not lost their bloom with their smiles, and dark eyes which held some inward light despite their sadness.

Mrs. Whitney seemed as she stood there, to one who watched her narrowly, to concentrate her energies for a struggle, and then she walked up the front steps and rang the door-bell. The servant who answered it introduced her into a small reception-room, whose rich and simple furniture, with the few landscapes that hung their marvelous beauty along the walls, charmed the whole apartment with their inspirations. Mrs. Whitney loved pictures; her fine, natural appreciation of them had been cultivated and enlarged by study; and the shadows about her thoughts must have been heavy into which their persuasions of light and beauty could not penetrate. But these appealed to her soul in vain on this morning: neither nature nor art had power to reach and gladden her just now.

In a few moments the lady of the house entered the room—a tall, large-featured woman, with a faded and fretted face—a woman narrow, limited in thought and feeling—not a hard nor a bad woman, certainly; but of coarse grain, with no breadth of mind, and little of heart, living mostly in herself, and not meaning to be selfish; liberal enough with her money, but lacking that fine tact and delicate sympathy which are the grace of all gifts; a woman lifted by prosperity into a sphere which she had no attributes to adorn, and her life of ease and luxury only serving to aggravate her infirmities both of mind and body, as indolence only afforded her time to dwell on her ailments, and indulge her tendency to despondency and fretfulness.

Her sallow face held yet some traces of its girlish comeliness; for Mrs. Brener had been called handsome in her girlhood; but she was among her late forties now, and by that time the governing principles of her life will write themselves more or less legibly in a woman's habitual expression. Mrs. Whitney rose and accosted her hostess with that quiet dignity which never failed her, because it was natural.

"I have only to inform you that I am Mrs. Whitney, and you will, I presume, understand the nature of my errand, as Dr. Parsons has kindly taken the trouble to inform you of it."

"O, yes; do sit down, Mrs. Whitney," answered the lady of the mansion, with her gray eyes fastened on her visitor in some curiosity. At the end of the half hour's interview Mrs. Brener could have given faithfully every detail of her visitor's dress, from her bonnet to her shoe-strings.

"You have come to see about teaching Hosmer three or four hours every day. I thought it was a foolish notion of his grandfather's; but Brener insists upon it, and so I've had to yield to him;" and the lady drew a sigh, which might be interpreted to mean a good deal that she would not articulate in any more lucid way.

"I have not a wide experience in teaching, as it is confined to my own children," continued Mrs. Whitney; "and I desired Dr. Parsons to acquaint you with these facts; and he assured me that you would not regard them as an obstacle in my undertaking the lessons of your grandson."

"O, no, indeed; I'm afraid, though, he'll give you plenty of trouble, as he's only out of his letters, and, I'm sorry to say, don't take to his books as yet. He's wild, and noisy, and mischievous, as boys are apt to be. I never could bear his cuttings up if he wasn't Harry's child;" and the voice of Mrs. Brener trembled over the name, and the tears wet her eyes.

He of whom she spoke now had been her only son, the only pride and joy of the weak, doting mother. Six years before he had taken a young and lovely girl to wife; but her health was fragile, and after the birth of her boy the young husband had carried her to Italy, in search of new strength and bloom, and found instead a grave there. For himself, he was returning from Europe when he was suddenly stricken with a malignant fever at sea. He died, and was buried there, and the boy, whom he had left at home with his grandparents, had never learned the faces of his father and mother.

"Grandma! grandma!" a child's voice, eager and boisterous, rang along the word, and the next moment a small boy, in a dainty uniform of white and blue, burst into the room. The child was exceedingly fair and delicate, with light, blue eyes and flaxen curls; and any one looking at the fragile face and figure must have entertained serious doubts whether it held force and vitality sufficient to develop into vigorous boy or manhood, and feared that the coming years would press too heavily on the frail life which tinted the lips and cheeks of Hosmer Brener so very faintly.

"Come here, my child," said the elder lady, with a new warmth coming into her faded eyes. "This is the lady who is to be your teacher." The name was not attractive to the child; but there was a kind of coercive magnetism in the smile and voice of Mrs. Whitney.

"Won't you come and shake hands with me?" she asked, and Hosmer went with his

blue eyes in a half doubt and half attraction on her face.

"How old are you?" she said, as she smoothed the pretty curls with fingers which had learned the trick of being motherly.

"Four and a half," said Hosmer Brener.

"Just the age of my little boy at home," answered Mrs. Whitney, and then for a moment the heart of the woman rose up bitterly against the innocent child and the grandmother who sat there. It was not like her, she repented of it afterward; but the thought came fiercely over her at that moment of the dark-haired, beautiful boy that lay with his pale face in the small bedroom at home, where the sunshine could only come feebly in at the solitary window, over which a brier rosebush flapped its green pennon, mounted with a few red coals of bloom. And she saw, too, in the high chair by the bedside, the little baby-girl, whose life was creeping after its third birthday, with her chestnut rings of hair, and her little, dewy bud of a face bent earnestly over the worn alphabet-cards which the brother, only a year and a half her senior, was teaching her. And for a moment the contrast betwixt the lot of her own children and this one was more than the heart of the mother could bear. She thought of him, the pampered heir of all this wealth, surrounded with every comfort and every luxury that money could purchase or doting fondness devise, while her sickly boy and tender girl, with minds and hearts which promised far higher possibilities than this boy's, had no arm to shield them except hers, so weak and frail, so unused to hard battling with the world. The stern, terrible facts of poverty, and loss, and suffering rose up for her to solve, as they have to many a soul, and vanquished, for the time, the faith to which she had clung when many an hour went in its storm and darkness over her head.

Her children needed this warmth, and comfort, and gladness; her little boy, with his prostrate, nervous system and his delicate appetite, needed all these luxuries to persuade back the tremulous life that sickness had carried down to the very gates of death. And in the midst of the tumult and exceeding bitterness of these thoughts came up softly the question of Hosmer Brener, "What is your little boy's name?"

"It is his father's, Reynolds Whitney."

"And where is his father?"

The question went down into the sacred places of the wife's grief. The tears swelled through her voice and in her eyes as she answered, "He is under the daisies, my child."

Mrs. Brener was touched out of the memory

of her own sorrows for a moment. "O, dear me!" she said; "it is very hard, Mrs. Whitney."

"My father's under the waters," continued the child. "Grandma says so; but I'd rather 't would be the daisies, too; they're prettier."

"O, Hosmer, don't, don't," sobbed out, in a burst of uncontrollable grief, the grandmother. "I often ask myself what I've done that *my* child, when he was my only one, should be taken from me, and other folks's are spared."

The heart of Mrs. Whitney was not so barred and bolted in its own grief that even at this moment she could not open some door of pity to the lesser, and half-repining, half-selfish sorrow of the woman beside her. Mrs. Brener's affliction had not greatly softened or deepened her nature; still, it was one which had struck down into its tenderest and deepest places, and the wound in her heart ached at all times, and the memory of her loss was the specter that walked always by her side.

Before Mrs. Whitney could speak a strong, robust, and kindly voice called out in the hall, "Mother, mother, I've got some good news for you;" and the next moment a tall, iron-gray-haired man entered the reception-room. He had a shrewd, sharp, but not unkindly glance with the dark eyes under the heavy eyebrows—this man, Chester Brener, whose strong, good sense and clear, business foresight had built up his wealth through a score of years. He had literally "made his own way in the world," having entered upon life without a dollar, and, by his own energy and perseverance, won post after post of honor and trust in the business world. As his wealth increased he liked to surround himself and his family with evidences of it. It was the great mistake of Chester Brener's life that he had married young, and taken to wife a woman who could not keep equal pace with him in his advancement. Her pretty face had won his fancy, but there was no flexibility nor assimilation in the mental constitution of Mrs. Brener. She could neither overcome nor disguise with any womanly tact the disadvantages of her youth—her lack of early breeding and cultivation. Her husband outgrew her on all sides; she ceased to be a companion for him in any true sense; her talk always limited itself to the barest commonplaces—to the indulgence of idle curiosity, and to little ebullitions of fretfulness, nervousness, and despondency.

This would have soured and utterly estranged many a husband: it did not Chester Brener. He was naturally of a genial, happy, and robust temperament, and became used to his wife's querulousness. Good-natured and indul-

gent, he never denied her any thing, and the elegance with which he surrounded her, and which she so little appreciated, only served to bring out in sharper lines the weaknesses and deficiencies of its mistress.

Still, Mrs. Brener had no suspicion of all this, and really desired and conscientiously intended to fulfill, in all respects, her wifely duties to her husband; and his business concentrated so habitually his time and thoughts that he hardly realized the great need and deficiency of his home.

Mr. Brener started as his glance fell upon his wife, and the guest who sat by her side, as he entered the reception-room. Mrs. Brener presented her in her informal style as "the lady whom Dr. Parsons told us would be so nice to teach Hosmer." Mrs. Whitney's face prepossessed Mr. Brener in her favor at once. The conversation which ensued betwixt them was peremptorily interrupted by the spoiled child, who, pulling his grandfather's sleeve, demanded, "What is the good news you've brought home to grandma?"

"Uncle Nathaniel, away off in California, starts for home in the next steamer."

"Why, you don't say so, though, Chester," interposed the gentleman's wife, with unusual animation.

"Yes; just so, my dear. I've had a letter from him this morning; he's tired of California, and he's made a comfortable fortune, and he's coming home now to enjoy it. He wants to know if we can't give him a little den somewhere in our house?"

"O, yes; I'm sure there's room enough if that's all he wants. But he'll get him a wife and a home of his own before long, you may depend."

"I do n't know about that. I'm afraid, Mrs. Whitney, my younger brother is a confirmed old bachelor; he's above forty now, and was never yet, I believe, seriously in love with any woman, although a finer, nobler-hearted fellow never breathed than he whose praises, perhaps, it does not become his brother to speak."

"O, well, the right one hasn't yet come along," added Mrs. Brener, finding an easy solution to her brother-in-law's celibacy. "I should like to see Nathaniel, I must say. How much Harry did think of him!" for the chord of her grief was one that the stricken mother never ceased to strike.

"Yes: it is really necessary that two such prosy old people as you and I, Esther, should have somebody to give a little life and spirits to the house; and of both of these Nathaniel has his share."

To all of this talk Mrs. Whitney abstractedly listened. The thought of her children was persuading her homeward, and, with an apology, she returned once more to the subject of her errand. Mr. Brener listened politely, and then, with his usual sagacity, arranged the whole matter in a few moments. But when Mrs. Whitney insisted that he should settle the amount of her remuneration, as she could form no estimate of the worth of her services, and he named a sum which vastly exceeded her expectations, and the thought of the new comfort and gladness this money would bring to the sick boy and baby-girl at home, fairly shook the tears into her eyes. Mr. Brener noticed this, and was troubled. He accompanied his guest to the door with Mrs. Brener, and there was a kindly interest in his face and manner. Mrs. Whitney said, turning around to her new pupil, "I shall be here on Monday morning, if nothing hinders, and I hope that you will be very glad to see me."

"And will you take a kiss to the little boy at home, who is just my age, and whose father is under the daisies?" pleaded Hosmer. Mrs. Whitney hid her face in the boy's curls as she bent down to receive it.

"What! How is that? Have you a sick boy at home?" inquired Mr. Brener.

"Yes; he had a dangerous fever six months ago, which very nearly drained the fountains of his life; and his recovery has been extremely slow, with frequent relapses. I have hoped against hope, for many days, for the life of my child."

"But not now?" queried Mr. Brener, with real solicitation in his voice.

"I believe his constitution is rallying once more, thank God!" and they who heard knew *how* the mother said it.

"We will see if we can't send him something, too, Hosmer," said Mr. Brener, and he stepped into another room and brought out a small basket heaped with grapes, which he had gathered that morning on his return from the city, and placed the clusters which burned darkly as though they held the wine of tropical suns in their purple globes. "Give that to your boy, with Hosmer's kiss, Mrs. Whitney," continued Mr. Brener.

I think the words in which the lady's thanks were rendered were incoherent, but her face articulated them for her with a fervor and eloquence which Mr. Brener never forgot. And then she hurried away; and the little household, standing on the front steps, watched her dark dress as it glanced and disappeared among the shrubbery.

"Well, how do you like her, Chester?" asked Mrs. Brener.

"Much, very much, Esther. That woman has seen trouble, but she has not been overcome of it."

"Yes; no doubt of that, with her dead husband and sick boy; but, then, *he* was left to her, and mine wasn't 'to me," answered Mrs. Brener, with a heavy sigh. She could not be made to see or acknowledge that any sorrow quite reached the light of hers.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE MIDNIGHT OATH.

BY HARRIET M. BEAN.

SPREAD out the banner we have loved

This many and many a year;
Our country calls for loyal hearts,
And Duty knows no fear.
Place one hand on the Union flag,
And lift the other high,
And pledge to honor still the flag
That traitorous hands deny.

We love the State where we were born,
Our home in Tennessee;
We love our nation more than all,
And long again to see
Our country as it was of old,
The blessings all restored;
We can not think that all in vain
Men's life-blood has been poured!

Comrades, we'll walk in Danger's path,
Nor heed love's tender plea,
Until again our ensign wave
All over Tennessee;
And it will be a little thing
Although our lives we give,
If Truth shall triumph in the land,
And our Republic live.

With one hand on the Union flag,
And one hand lifted high,
Thus did they stand, each of the band,
Moved by the words of Frye.
All honored be the noble hearts
That never have betrayed
Our sacred trust, the cause that's just,
Where foemen lift the blade.

Dauntless in danger, let such put
Those craven ones to shame,
Who little feel the ills of war,
Yet still complain and blame
Blest be the memory of those
Who lie in nameless graves,
And honor to each patriot true
Who death and danger braves!

FRONTIER SKETCHES.

BY REV. WILLIAM GRAHAM, A. M.

NEW HOPE.

MY last year among the Choctaws was spent at New Hope, the female branch of the Fort Coffee mission. The location selected was an elevated plain, covered with a thrifty growth of young oaks, wild and beautiful, and near a spring of pure, cold water. It was five miles from Fort Coffee and one mile from the Choctaw Agency, which was on the military road between Fort Smith on the Arkansas River and Fort Towson near Red River. The situation was isolated and lonely, with but one indifferent Indian cabin in sight, which was untenanted most of the time. Like some inaccessible nunnery in a Papal country, we were in a position not to be intruded upon in the ordinary course of travel, and the monotony of life was rarely disturbed by the advent of a stranger. Being a branch of the Fort Coffee mission, and under the same superintendency, every consideration of economy, convenience, and success would have dictated that the schools should have been near each other, if not on the same grounds. The old sachems of the tribe, however, when met in council to determine on the location, were possessed of a terrible dread of the dangers attending a male and female school in near proximity with each other. For this unfortunate whim they were no doubt indebted to some officious antiquated white man, who put the same curious crotchet into their heads which he had in his own—that males and females should be educated apart. A most absurd policy, to be sure, because it is altogether unnatural. Yet these red men, who were making their first experiments in schools, were more excusable than the unimprovable Anglo-Saxon advocate for unmixed schools.

The institution was appropriately named New Hope, probably because it was the first female school authorized by the Council, and because this advanced step looked hopeful for the future civilization of the tribe. It was indeed an epoch in the history of the people, and to the sanguine it augured incalculable good. What does it avail for young men to be educated, who afterward link their fortunes with uneducated females? The succeeding generation partakes of the civilization of the mother, and when she is deficient in culture and refinement, improvement is at an end in spite of the father's education. It has been sagely said, that "the hand that rocks the cradle rules the nation." Woman molds and fixes the character of her

offspring, and nothing could be more manifest than the wisdom which confers upon her every advantage for the improvement and elevation of the race. These Indians had seen that truth illustrated in their midst. A few of their daughters had been educated in the families of missionaries, and in the small schools taught by Christian ladies sent out by the American Board of Missions. When these educated young Indian women were married, their houses were homes of neatness, order, and Christian refinement, which contrasted strangely enough with the rude hovels of their neighbors, over which an uneducated squaw presided, or, rather, neglected to preside. This difference is as readily perceived by the red man himself as by his white neighbor, nor is he any less partial to the tidy civilized housewife. Even the uneducated Indian has almost infinitely more respect for a woman of his tribe who is well instructed in the arts of dressing, cooking, and housekeeping, than he has for the squaw who carries his wood and water, hoes his corn-patch, and performs other menial toil. And there can be no doubt that had the Government and missionaries been at as much pains to educate the women of the Indian tribes as they have been to educate the men, their condition would be greatly improved.

Two frame buildings had been erected on the grounds for the accommodation of the school, each a hundred feet long, one story high, with broad piazzas on either side. They stood parallel to each other, about a hundred feet apart. The plan seems to have been modeled after the old barrack buildings at Fort Coffee; certainly neither convenience nor economy could have suggested the arrangement. The buildings were innocent of paint inside and outside, were roughly constructed, and divided off into dormitories, school-room, dining-room, and kitchen. Instead of the generous hearths and ample stone chimneys, which gave the rooms at Fort Coffee such a cheer, flues had been built for each room, and open stoves had been supplied. These proved not only a great nuisance in cold weather, but a smoking annoyance almost insupportable. The buildings were inclosed with about two acres of ground, in the form of a square, by a tall picket fence. The forest trees remained in the inclosure as nature had arranged them, not a foot of ground being cleared away for the cultivation of fruit or flowers. The whole aspect was wild and romantic, and the singing birds built their nests and warbled forth their sweet and cheerful songs at our doors, as if unwilling to quit their rightful possessions. Indeed, our presence appeared to attract rather than repel them; as we never disturbed them they seemed

to gather assurances of safety, and were attracted in greater numbers to our quarters. Those who have traveled and slept frequently in the wild woods have had opportunity to note the fact that the sweetest singing birds are not found in the deep primeval forests, but in the vicinity of human habitations. This fact is accounted for in part by the circumstance that they have more security from their enemies in places frequented by man. Birds of prey, which abound in all wild regions, do not venture freely near the habitations of man. Like other rogues, who subsist upon the spoils of predatory war, these birds of prey seem to have something like a consciousness of criminality, and dread the presence of superiors, lest their deeds of blood should be punished. The innocent little warblers, therefore, appear to seek man as their natural protector from the more powerful members of their kind. Often have I looked in vain for the familiar blue-bird and favorite pewee in the depths of the primeval forests, where all was life and animation with bird and beast. And supposing that I had wandered beyond the boundaries of their latitude, my delusion was dispelled when I reached some lone cottage in the wilderness, where they sang and sported as they were wont, to do long ago about my humble ancestral home. But really these cheerful companions appear to possess a kind of semi-domestication, and to delight in the presence of mankind. At early morn they approach near the wood-bound cottage and strike up their delightful notes, where the presence of man gives them fresh inspiration, and they sing with a vigor and constancy not common in the deeper forests. There may be some fancy in these reflections, but they contain more truth than will appear to those who never have studied the habits of singing birds.

My sojourn at New Hope afforded ample scope to extend my observations in ornithology, and the opportunity was not wholly unimproved. Sitting on the broad piazza on a pleasant Summer's evening, the whippowil, perched on the limb of a tree only a few feet from me, would send forth his strained unmusical notes with untiring constancy, awakening many a pensive thought of scenes long gone by. The first singer in the morning, whose mission appeared to be intended to call me from repose, was the robin. At early dawn, before the darkness had receded, he came to a tree before my door and caroled most sweetly to the opening day. Next came the lark, then the blue-bird, afterward the pewee, till the woods rang with a perfect anthem of praise. There is no music like the singing of birds.

Some thirty Indian lasses, of various ages from ten to eighteen years, were in attendance at the school, and were clothed, boarded, and lodged on the premises. Like the boys at Fort Coffee, most of them were of pure Indian blood, but a number were partially white; and what is somewhat remarkable with both sexes, the Indian features remain prominent when the complexion is almost white. The females among the Choctaws are less comely and symmetrical in figure than the males. They are generally low in stature and heavy, with short neck and broad across the shoulders, and present rather a clumsy figure. The face is round and the expression somewhat dull, but the outlines are smooth and not unattractive. In intellect they are not inferior. They are shy and reserved, but not timid; taciturn rather than loquacious, and sometimes sullen. Their manners are not gay but stately, and their movements deliberate rather than quick. Brilliancy and vivacity they seem to be wholly destitute of; but this want is compensated by their soundness and stability. Whoever imagines them fickle and easily moved, will soon learn his mistake. In the intervals of school-hours the girls were in charge of a matron, and were instructed in the arts of cooking, baking, sewing, knitting, and other useful domestic accomplishments. The daily routine was much the same as at the male branch of the school. On the Sabbath we had Sunday school at 9 o'clock, preaching at 11, class at 3, and prayer meeting at night. A considerable number of the young ladies were converted at the mission and united with the Church. They were really pious, and were fond of retiring to the grove in groups for worship, where they sang and prayed in nature's generous temple, sometimes becoming so absorbed in their devotions as to forget the time for returning. These were happy seasons to them—seasons to which, in after life, when the cares of more advanced years cast their shadows across their paths, they doubtless looked back with unmingled delight. Poor creatures! What their future would be was known only to Him in whose hands are the destinies of all living! A thousand dangers awaited them, to which their sisters in more civilized society are not exposed. They are worthy of a better fate.

Our kitchen and laundry were presided over by "aunt Hetty," subject to the occasional inspection of the matron. Aunt Hetty was decidedly a character. She was a tall, raw-boned, ugly, but intelligent mulatto woman, about forty years of age. Having been raised by the Indians as a slave, she spoke their language fluently, and was not only well acquainted with

their peculiarities, tricks, and turns, but she also partook of them largely herself. Always having a pleasant look and a smile for every one she met, she could cover as much deceit under an open countenance as any studied adept in chicanery. If any deceptions were practiced by the girls she was sure to be in collusion with them, and she could simulate with more adroitness and effect than the most artful among them. Being the only servant at the place she became our factotum, and we had to depend on her even for interpreter, in which position she appeared to a surprisingly good advantage. The younger girls seemed to think that she had charge of the institution, and made all their requests to her, while all the students employed her as their messenger and mediator with the missionaries. She could reconcile all difficulties and manage all cases of insubordination, either by prevailing on the unruly pupil to conform to the required rules, or by making us believe so, and she appeared to regard either achievement as equally meritorious. In truth, she was the most important personage at the mission, and did more to govern the school than either teacher or matron. Having the confidence of the young ladies it was easy for her to imagine that she had ours also, and she was the happiest soul on the premises. Withal, her whimsical good-humor made her the admiration of many, and the study of all.

The products of labor were regularly exchanged between the two branches of the mission, creating a miniature commerce. The garments made up by the girls supplied the wardrobe at Fort Coffee, while the boys furnished vegetables, and corn, and hominy in return to supply the tables at New Hope. This interchange of articles was mutually stimulating, and had a highly-beneficial effect on the industry of both departments. Our petty commerce in ready-made clothing, and corn, and hominy, became an exciting feature in our affairs. In addition to the frequent horseback trips of the superintendent between the two points occasioned thereby, it became necessary to transport the heavier articles of our trade by wagon about once a week. And as our policy was to perform all our ordinary labor within ourselves so as to diminish expenses, this trip was intrusted to two of the older boys. Happy were the young Indian gents on whom the lot fell to make the journey. All their instinctive aversion to driving an ox team suddenly vanished, and even the tricky Monroe Jackson would yoke up the unruly beasts with an alacrity quite marvelous for him; and never once were they permitted to run away with the

precious cargo on this charming journey. Such an occurrence, it was suspected, might have operated against the probability of intrusting the grateful service a second time to the same hands, and great were the precautions employed to prevent so dreadful a calamity. No sooner were the oxen yoked and the wagon loaded at Fort Coffee, than the happy associates in the business of the day repaired to their rooms and dressed in their best style from top to toe, decorating themselves with various fanciful extras, such as fringed hunting-shirts, scarlet sashes, and striped blankets. Henceforth they were to be not only gentlemen of leisure for the day, but they were also to appear in gay society. Never did English aristocrat sally forth from his baronial castle in his coach-and-four with more pride and self-gratulation, than did these gentry of the old Fort with their clumsy ox team. A trader could not have viewed the cargo of his East-Indiaman with more complaisance than these redoubtable voyageurs looked upon their corn, beans, turnips, potatoes, and onions as they moved along in their rickety old wagon, jerked and twisted by an unruly pair of rather ill-conditioned and badly-matched oxen. Saturday afternoons being allowed for recreation, the New Hope teamsters were permitted to take the day for their trip. Of this privilege they always availed themselves, invariably managing to dine with their lady friends, when the side-long glances which passed up and down our long table were both amusing and pleasing. At New Hope the occasion was no less exciting. The girls worked on that morning with a will, and the shrewd aunt Hetty availed herself of the opportunity to get an extra amount of labor from them, greatly to her relief the remainder of the week. Such scrubbing of floors and scouring of pots, kettles, and tin-ware, would have delighted the housewives of the Holland Dutch. Many a furtive glance was passed through the windows in the direction of Fort Coffee, and those carrying water from the spring peered through the woods hoping to get a glimpse of the expected arrival. All were on the alert and tiptoe of expectation, and no one was in greater glee than aunt Hetty. She could not have taken a greater interest in her own children than she seemed to have in the welfare of the Indian lasses of the school, and any thing which gave them pleasure intoxicated her with delight.

Permission was sometimes granted the older students at Fort Coffee to visit the trading post at the Agency on Saturday afternoons, on which occasions they were sure to take New Hope in their route; and for once the problem in geom-

etry, which teaches that the sum of the lines of the base and the perpendicular of a right angle triangle is greater than the hypotenuse, was disproved. Theirs was, in this instance, practical geometry, and they proved to their satisfaction that the line of the base, plus the perpendicular, is shorter than the hypotenuse. The trading-post was a little village called Skullyville—*bit-town*—so named from the American dime, which coin is commonly called "bit" by the Arkansas people, and forms the basis of the Indian's calculations in money, as the dollar does ours. At this point was a licensed mercantile establishment, conducted in an honest and orderly manner by Mr. H., a gentleman from Massachusetts. Here the Indian had the opportunity of exchanging his peltries and spending his annuities for such articles as he needed or fancied at fair rates; the majority, however, preferred going to the State line, where they could obtain *ok-o-ho-ma*—whisky, which was contraband in the Territory.

Some of the boys had sisters and other relatives at New Hope, which made it proper to allow them a visit occasionally to the place; but whether their object was really to visit relatives or some one else was doubtful; yet we did not think it, our business to inquire too minutely into their motives. It was very apparent that the two branches of the school felt for each other's welfare, and delighted to see each other, and it would have been unnatural, and, therefore, unkind to have imposed too rigid a restraint upon them. A good-natured, affable student begged one day the privilege of visiting New Hope, and when asked whether he had a sister or a cousin there he wished to see, he honestly answered, "No, heap friends." Of course his request could not be denied.

It was necessary occasionally in the Winter to set apart a day for the purpose of providing fire-wood for the female school, when the male students turned out en masse with great glee, provided with teams, axes, mauls, and wedges. Then were performed herculean labors and prodigious feats of strength truly marvelous; and the dexterity in driving the teams and the general celerity plainly indicated the near proximity of some magical source of inspiration, which nerved to unwonted exertion. At such times a special dinner was prepared, and the young ladies waited on the table to the infinite delight of both parties; aunt Hetty, meanwhile, looking on with undisguised pleasure and a genuine African grin.

Our quarterly meetings were alternated between Fort Coffee and New Hope, when the students were allowed to attend on the Sabbath

from both branches of the school. On these occasions we always had the best of order, some fine dressing, but also some very excellent seasons of spiritual refreshing from the presence of the Lord. The courtesies were always extended to the visiting school, and as our tables were not of sufficient capacity to accommodate all at once, when the meeting was at Fort Coffee the girls took the first table while the boys waited; at New Hope this order was reversed, and both parties enjoyed these courtesies with great goodwill. On the whole, it would seem that the human nature of Choctaw youths is much the same as that of Anglo-Saxons.

Our Sabbath services at New Hope were well attended by the residents of the Agency and Skullyville, and also by the Indian families of the neighborhood. The merchant's family at the trading post were Christians in faith, but liberal in their religious views, and warm friends of our mission. They were well educated, refined, and possessed the orderly habits and morals of New Englanders, which contrasted strongly with the reckless lives of some other white people. The Indian Agent was a devout Presbyterian, and worshiped with us stately. He had formerly been the principal of Spencer Academy, a school managed by the Choctaw Council, and had succeeded to the office of Agent at the death of Captain Armstrong. He was too pious a man, however, to be kept long in office, and was soon ousted by politicians. His clerk was of altogether a different character. Being talented, sprightly, and plausible, he exerted considerable influence over the Indians, but he was one of the most graceless men I ever met with even on the Indian frontier. He was base, intriguing, and licentious, and did more mischief in counter-working good morals than any half dozen of the worst men we had in the neighborhood. He corrupted the United States' interpreter, who otherwise would have been a good, honest Choctaw neighbor, and of great service to our mission. Just such white men, in such positions, are the bane of our Indian tribes. They have been the source of the degradation so prevalent among the partially-civilized tribes, and to their shameful duplicity and depravity is to be attributed the Indian's suspicions of the honesty and sincerity of the missionary. Language can not express the infamy of these frontier characters. None but religious men ought to be intrusted with Government offices among the Indians.

The only live stock which we had at New Hope was a genuine Indian pony, which rejoiced in the name of "Jerry." He was possessed of the usual intelligence which characterizes these

ponies, and was a most capital riding animal. We gave him the liberty of the grounds in the inclosure, and my familiar whistle would bring him to my door at any time, where he was fed and suffered himself to be bridled and caressed with the utmost familiarity. He would follow me like a dog all over the lot, and became a great favorite and pet. So perfectly docile was he, that no one would have suspected him of being capable of the least trick. This, however, was far from being the case; he had the nature of his kind in him, and had never forgot his Indian raising. Whenever by accident he got outside of the inclosure, all my whistling at attempts at caressing him were disregarded. He would allow me to approach within a few feet of him, then turning up the white of his eye he would kick up his heels and run a few paces to await my approach again, but only to repeat the same menace with apparent delight. Yet any Indian, even one of the girls, or aunt Hetty, could walk up and bridle him without trouble. His services were invaluable to me at the mission, and many a pleasant jaunt did I take with Jerry through the woods and glades adjacent to my isolated quarters. Great was my grief, therefore, when it was ordered that Jerry must go to Fort Coffee; all my protestations availed nothing, it being maintained that his services belonged of right to our physician, who had to attend both schools. Nothing, therefore, was left me outside of the school except my birds.

THE REST OF THE SOUL.

BY J. WESLEY CARRHART, D. D.

THERE'S a thorn in my breast and it bleedeth,
While tears are the food of my soul;
And the God who each secret wish readeth,
Can alone make the wounded heart whole.
There's a cloud that infolds all my being,
And enshrouds me in nature's sad night;
There's an Eye, all my sinfulness seeing
In darkness as well as the light.
O, is there no rest for the weary,
No calm for the sin-troubled soul—
No escape from this wilderness dreary—
No peaceful and heavenly goal?

There are memories sad now returning,
Of faults of my earlier years,
And I strive to extinguish their burning
With the heart's bitter, penitent tears.
There are sins which afar I have buried
In the tombs of the shadowy past,
But they're rising, as hosts slain in battle
Shall arise, at the trumpet's long blast.
O, is there no rest for the weary—

No calm for the sin-troubled soul—
No escape from this wilderness dreary—
No peaceful and heavenly goal?

There are vows of affection I've broken,
And hearts that I've wounded with pain;
There are curses my lips have oft spoken,
Whose specters beset me again.
There are tears which I wrung from another,
Whose bosom beat true to my own;
There are counsels and prayers of a mother,
Who much of affliction has known.
O, is there no rest for the weary—
No calm for the sin-troubled soul—
No escape from this wilderness dreary—
No peaceful and heavenly goal?

There are priv'leges many I've slighted,
And wooings I often have heard;
There are hopes and affections I've blighted,
And bosoms with sadness I've stirred.
There's a heart which for me is still beating,
Though oft I have grieved it by sin;
There's a voice which for me is entreating—
A voice that is sweet and must win.
Ah yes, there is rest for the weary,
And a calm for the sin-troubled soul,
And escape from this wilderness dreary—
A peaceful and heavenly goal!

THE WORLD IN WHICH WE LIVE.

BY LAVINIA CRECHATT.

THIS dreary world in which we live,
Though smiling friends we see,
It has no lasting joys to give,
But pain and misery.

Alas! the loved ones from our side,
They, too, perchance may roam,
The fondest hopes of earthly pride,
How soon they're crushed and gone!

This faithless world in which we live
Is fraught with tears and sighs,
Yet we to earth our labor give,
And think it paradise.

Often, too, the scalding tear
Courses down manhood's cheek,
Or woman's heart in anguish here
For worldly comforts seek.

This dying world in which we live,
It has such charms that we
To it our best affections give,
Nor heed eternity.

There's naught but sorrow, pain, and death
Attends our pathway here;
The longest life is but a breath,
The grave is ever near.

Yet there's a bright and peaceful shore,
Where loved ones all shall meet,
And shout and sing, their sufferings o'er,
Their happiness complete.

CLAIR AND FRANKLIN CECIL'S VISIT TO MASSACHUSETTS.

BY MRS. HARRIET E. FRANCIS.

CHAPTER V.

NIGHT ON THE CARS.

THE night ride was not as pleasant. There was no little Harry to amuse them, and the atmosphere outside grew so chill that the window had to be closed, and the air in the car, mixed up with the taint of tobacco-chewers with which they were surrounded, was quite unpleasant. Darkness soon came around the windows like a heavy curtain, and the pendent lamps grew duller and dimmer as they traveled on, till some went entirely out and left the car as in twilight. It was very gloomy, half the people nodding or asleep, and no sound but the creaking and groaning of the machinery and the indescribable noise of the rushing of the air through the door as some one passed in and out. The kind mother thought only of the comfort of her boys, but Clair felt for her and pleaded to be allowed to sit up and let her have for a bed a whole seat. The car was not half full, and they arranged it by finding a little nearer the stove three unused slips, which, with the addition of shawls and carpet-sacks for pillows, made for each a comfortable reclining-place. Both of the boys were soon asleep, but Mrs. Cecil lay awake long, thinking of looking into her mother's eyes once more, whom she had not seen for fifteen years, and grasping her father by the hand, and kissing dear sister Carrie's baby, whose mother was not much more than a baby when their father held her up to the wagon for a last kiss in the long ago. Only to-morrow noon, God willing, she should see the old homestead, the green hills girding it, and the blue mountains in the distance guarding it like sleepless sentinels. Then her thoughts went back to her own home, and she wondered if her husband missed them much, and if he was dreaming about them then, and at last, with a silent prayer for all that her heart held dear, she dropped into a quiet slumber.

An hour later, and such a commotion! "What is it? What is it?" exclaimed a dozen voices, and as many more sprung to their feet with staring eyes. There was no jar or sound to awaken any one, only the cars stopped moving; yet even little children awakened from sound sleep, and questioned their elders with startled looks.

"Nothing but our old hoss has run away and

left us," was the reply of a queer old man, who had been the first to step out on the platform to ascertain what was the trouble, as he re-entered the door and settled down into his seat.

"You don't say! What did he get frightened at?" queried another voice from under an antiquated bonnet.

"I guess the coals in his feet burnt his toes," was the reply, in a grave tone, from the first speaker.

"Well, it's dangerous business riding on the keers any how," sobbed out the distressed woman. "If it had not been for my son Sam I should never have started. If I was safe in bed at home, you'd never catch me out of it again. O dear! dear!"

"Madam, I think there is no cause for alarm. We shall all be right in fifteen minutes. The coupling of the cars gave way, and the engine has run down the road a few miles; it will be back soon," spoke up some benevolent soul intent upon tranquilizing the distressed lady.

Through the window Mrs. Cecil could just discern that the cars were left in a dug way, the embankment on both sides rising far above the top of the cars; and as there was but one track, the thought of collision, or of some train due but a few moments later than the one they were in, was startling to the nerves; but soon the puffing of the engine in the distance, coming nearer and nearer, dispelled her fears, and she could breathe freely again. In a few moments they were in motion; but the little incident awoke too many for the rest to think of sleep; and as it was almost morning Mrs. Cecil hung up the satchels and shawls, and sat down by her children to amuse them by conversation, and help pass away the hour till light made visible objects of interest.

"Did you sleep any, mother?" questioned Clair, as he pulled her scarf closer around her neck.

"Yes; but I had the queerest dream. The cars made such a jarring and clashing that for a long time I seemed but half asleep, and I thought that I was near a large circle of horses attached to lumber-wagons, and they were all running toward the central point, smashing and crashing into each other."

"No wonder you dreamed so, the machinery makes such a noise in the night like a dozen mills grinding and clattering," replied Clair; then turning to Frank, he questioned, "And what did you dream about, brother?"

"Nothing, only I thought papa kissed me once. I wish he was here. Do you suppose Curly will be any company for him?"

"If he don't miss his little masters, and run away down to your grandfather's; but here we are at the station. Clair, did you notice the name?"

"I did not hear, mother. What a noisy set are coming toward the platform from the hotel! It is lit up so bright that it makes it like day all around. There must be some party or ball there, and they are just leaving."

Clair was right. The few passengers that entered their car were half-intoxicated young men who had been out dancing at a low ball all night, and their breath, saturated with poor whisky, made sitting near them very disagreeable. They had just sense enough left to keep quiet when the conductor came round; but the moment he was at a safe distance their broken snatches of low songs, sent forth by tongues too thick to articulate plainly, made painful discord. Then they would scuffle, and quarrel, and threaten each other with blows in their seat, till poor Frank crept close to his mother for protection, and begun to cry aloud. Their cursing and broils at length rose so high that one of the officers heard them, and, to the joy of the passengers, he roughly ordered them to desist, or he would put them off the car; and they obeyed, and all fell into half-drunken slumbers. As the sunshine streamed into the windows and brought out their bloated faces, and distorted mouths, and disheveled hair in strong relief, Mrs. Cecil, knowing that line upon line and precept upon precept must be given to build up a safeguard in her sons' minds against dangerous yet seducing vice, recapitulated what she had said many times before, and stereotyped it upon their tender minds by the repulsive words and actions of the drunken group before them. No one pitied them when, at the next depot, they staggered down the steps into a low doggerly, and the bell rung, and the cars started, leaving them swearing and vociferating, too intoxicated to attempt to overtake the train.

Neither mother nor children felt any desire to elbow their way amid the crowd of passengers to the morning meal; for only a few more hours and they would be at home; so they turned their steps toward a grassy bank, shaded by a trailing vine, and ate their frugal fare of crackers and cheese, made palatable by Harry's red-cheeked apples, and filled their lungs with the fresh air; and by the time the passengers began to fill the cars, they were as invigorated as if their food had been the most rare viands.

"What is it, mother?" questioned Clair, looking up and seeing a rapt, almost reverential look upon her face.

"O, the mountains! the mountains!" shouted Frank, impulsively, as he stood up on tiptoe to gain a good look. "How long since you saw them, mother?"

"But a moment ago. That last abrupt turn brought them in sight of my window."

"Why, what makes you cry so?" questioned the wondering child, as he saw her quickly brush aside the blinding tears as if greedy for the sight.

"Ain't you glad to see them?"

"More than words can tell; but I have waited so long, my child—more than fifteen years. I have often thought if father and mother, and every one else that I know were away, I would take the long journey just to see the mountains. How grand and immovable they look, towering up into the sky! It always seemed to me when a child as if we were nearer to God, or rather had easier communication with him, when, awake or asleep, we dwelt by one whose huge base rested on the earth, and forehead was lifted above the clouds. I used to imagine that the angels loved to descend and wander around their cool summits, and catch views of this busy earth.

CHAPTER VI.

ARRIVAL AT GRANDPA'S.

It was quite noon when the cars drew into the station, but a few rods from Mrs. Cecil's girlhood home; and as she looked out she saw on the steps father, brother, and sister anxiously peering into each window to see if she had really come. They could not distinguish her among the crowd, and she passed out and back of them, and was clinging to her father's neck before they caught sight of her.

It was a joyous group gathered around the table in grandpa's dining-room—Clair and Frank, each one side of grandmother Thomson, Mrs. Cecil between her father and sister Carrie, with Carrie's baby upon her knee, the window opposite framing the picture of Mount Tom in the distance, and nearer by the sloping meadow with a silvery river threading it, and grapevines festooning the bordering trees with green leaves and fairest clusters of grapes. Though the fatted calf was not killed, yet the chicken-pie was baked, and rice-pudding stuffed with raisins, mixed with the plainer fare of cabbage, and potatoes, and creamy milk, that tasted as it only can taste to one fresh from a long ride upon the cars.

"O mother!" ejaculated Frank, as he burst into the room toward night, and sunk down by the lounge where she was resting, "cousin James and I have been riding his pony. It is the prettiest creature, with long, shaggy mane, and it's *just as black*, and you can't frighten

him, for he is tame as a kitten. We are going over to uncle Sheldon's sometime, if you will let us, and we shall have such a grand time riding him up and down the hills, and stopping at Chestnut grove and picking a bag of chestnuts."

"You are enjoying yourself finely. Where is Clair?"

"Out where grandpapa is cutting up corn. Carrie's husband—what is his name? I can't think."

"Munson Gerald."

"He is the funniest fellow. He keeps us laughing, asking such queer questions about out West. I told him we did not live out West. Just think on the map what a little bit of a ways our home is toward Nebraska; but he insists we do; and when I left to ride on the pony he was inquiring of Clair about musketoes. He said he heard of a man getting lost in the Michigan woods, and the musketoes bit him so that he did not know what to do; but at last he came across a caldron-kettle, and he sat down on the ground and tipped the kettle over him. He felt so happy to think he was rid of the plagues that he shouted and whistled as if he was crazy. But in a short time he heard a humming and buzzing, and he found they were sticking their bills right through the kettle. He caught up a stone and hammered one bill down and another just as fast as they came through, till at last the number became so strong that they flew away with the kettle. If we had that kind over our way he thought he would come out next Spring and make a visit, and bring along some barrels and fill them for the French. They wouldn't know the difference between them and frogs. Just as if he thought Clair and I would believe such yarns! If I had not been in such a hurry I should have told him the story about the corn, why it had so many suckers for roots."

"What was it, Frank? I never read the article."

"O, it first began to grow in New England, and the stones were so thick that a whole root could not find space to grow in one place, and so it stuck down a little sucker in one place, and another in some other place, till it could support a stalk four feet high. I guess they would stare if they could see grandpapa Cecil's corn, up higher than father's head; but there comes Clair upon a load of cornstalks. James says the first moonlight night they are going to have a husking bee, and invite all the boys around. He says they have nice fun after they are through with work, playing lots of games; but I must go out. You won't write a

word to father?—I am going to *learn to milk* I guess he will be astonished when he comes back here and sees me take a pail and fill it full of milk. I think I shall keep a dairy sometime myself." With this rather consequential remark he passed through the door; but scarcely ten minutes had elapsed before a real little boy cry came in to Mrs. Cecil's ears, and she hurried out, followed by her mother, to see what was the cause of the outcry. Frank stood on one side of the yard screaming as loud as his lungs would admit, and only taking breath to say, over and over again, "The old cow kicked me, the hateful old thing!"

Clair and James rested against the fence on the other side of the yard, crammimg their handkerchiefs into their mouths to smother the laughter they could not repress.

"Are you hurt, Frank?" anxiously inquired Mrs. Cecil, while the grandmother began to chide the boys for laughing so.

"O, the old cow kicked me clear down the hill. I wish I could knock her horns off—so there!" was replied angrily.

"Why, my child, you should not talk so. How came she to do it?"

"I don't know. First thing I knew I was rolling down hill, and the pail was following me, and Clair and James were laughing. I think it's real mean to laugh when any one is hurt."

"But you are not hurt, brother, and how could we help it, seeing you roll over and over down hill with the tin pail following you close as a kite tail;" and at the recapitulation the smothered merriment broke out afresh, till the barn-yard grew vocal with its echoes.

"How did it happen, James?" again questioned Mrs. Cecil, turning to James, as he grew sober first.

"Frank thought he would like to milk, and I told him if he would cut his nails——"

"I never thought of that," here interrupted the afflicted boy.

"Well, then, I guess that was the reason. Red was so ugly, for I never knew her so before. I told him he had better begin on old Brindle, she is so steady; but Frank declared she was such a mean-looking cow he did not want any thing to do with her; and before I knew what he was about he caught up a milking-stool, and sat down and went to milking Red; she is a heifer, and I guess it frightened her, for she raised her foot and started; and as Frank was right upon top of the bank, it sent him kiting, and he never stopped till he got into the hole dug out by the water when the creek is high."

"Mother, you could not have helped laughing, I know, if you had been out here. There is the milk-pail clear over by those bushes—O, dear! dear!" and Clair held on to both sides and shouted anew as the ridiculous view rose up again before him.

"Come, Frank, let us go in; you can begin again in the morning; you are tired now, and will feel better then;" and like a judicious mother, knowing how much weariness of the body had to do with the anger and irritation of his mind, she led him into the house away from the vexing scene, and soon had the pleasure of knowing he had forgotten all his troubles in peaceful slumber.

The addition built on to the old house just before Mrs. Cecil was married was almost entirely unchanged, the walls of the same color, if they had been painted over at all, and the paper chosen to please her, when she made her long-promised visit, of almost the same tint and figure. The little bedroom window, where she had sat and dreamed so many day-dreams of girlish romance, draped on the inside by a snowy curtain, and on the outside by the very honeysuckle Mr. Cecil had brought for her one night when her pulse began to give a great throb of joy at the mere mention of his name; the red chest of drawers standing in the corner, with its net-work fringe, the labor of her busy fingers long ago, and even the old-fashioned looking-glass, with its round ball pincushion suspended from it, brought so many memories to Mrs. Cecil's mind that they kept her eyelids from closing till the small hours of morning.

The children were up and dressed before the sun, whistling and laughing on their way to the pasture for the cows, and Frank, all over his pet, brought up Brindle and seated himself by her, and while his cousin was milking his two cows he filled not only the bucket but the ground all around with milk, and gave his face such a sprinkling that he declared to Clair he believed he could wring out enough from his cheeks to feed the cat; but it was as good fun as a popgun for all that, trying to hit the inside of the pail; he wished he would try it; but Clair preferred to ride on the little pony, and trotted him up and down the lane with nothing but a halter on, till the cows were ready to return to the pasture, then, he started up the laggard cows, and headed the refractory ones from the east lot; then, as they all slowly moped along, he fell into a musing mood, and wished he was one of the three boy-hunters he had been reading about for a white buffalo on the prairies of the West, only he should want to come home to sleep every night.

Grandpapa Thomson was just opening the large family Bible as Clair entered the door, and as he took the first seat and listened to the reading of one of the Songs of David read with tender pathos, and the exultant prayer of praise and gratitude to God for his manifold mercies to himself and household through a long pilgrimage, and the earnest words that his children's children might trust and confide in Him even more than in an earthly parent, an unuttered response came to his lips, and he involuntarily clasped Frank's hand that lay near him, as if he would offer it with his to the Being who was not only the God of his parents, but of their fathers before them.

The day was a mild, hazy one, with just enough sunshine left for cheerfulness without unpleasant glare; and just after they arose from the breakfast-table the hired man ran out the lumber-wagon from the buggy-house with a great clatter, and called out that all the children that wished to go to the mill with him, and to their uncle's, must be ready in ten minutes.

This raised quite a commotion; for Frank had left his shoes and stockings up stairs in the bedroom, and he could not get them on in a hurry, and grandmother wanted a pail of clingstone peaches gathered to send along, and aunt Carrie's baby had caught sight of the wagon, and was screaming at the height of her lungs for a ride. Clair, always prompt and ready in an emergency, caught up the pail and started for the peach-tree; and the baby, pacified by a horseback ride over her papa's shoulders, was trotted laughing out into the garden out of sight, and Frank's refractory shoes, by the help of aunt Carrie's nimble fingers, on in a hurry; and so, ere the ten minutes were up, the children and peaches were aboard waiting for the first flourish of the driver's whip.

CHAPTER VII.

VISIT TO UNCLE'S.

There were five in the wagon, James Allston and a younger brother Alfred, children of Mrs. Cecil's widowed sister who lived in Vermont, that had given her boys to grandfather Thomson to bring up, and Clair and Frank, besides the hired man. The driver sat up on a high spring seat at the front of the wagon, and Clair and James on a corn-bag right under him, while Frank and Alfred, who were great friends already, sat near the back end of the wagon ready to spring out, if they felt any inclination, and run up and down the hills. Frank declared it was the funniest country. One would think the road ended in a pond or run right

through a hill, and sometimes they were going east and sometimes west; for his part he did not see how any one ever got any where.

"But how do your roads go?" questioned Alfred, as he gathered up the whip from making a great flourish in the soft dust behind them.

"Straight as a clothes-line far as you can see. I can tell old Peter's wagon miles off, clear beyond the corners any how. He lives down there, and he's rich, I tell you. He's the queerest man. Some think he is half crazy; he has so many odd notions. If any one in the village won't do just as he says, he calls them stuck up and baristocratic."

"Aristocratic," corrected Clair, with a little smile.

"Well, aristocratic, then; what's the difference? He sent his daughter away to school, and he did not want her to learn any thing but to reckon interest and draw and paint, and she must only draw animals just like—who is it, Clair?"

"Rosa Bonheur?"

"Yes; and after she came home from school, Mr. Phelps, his nearest neighbor, sent East for a carriage, and then such a time as old Peter had! It used to make us boys laugh to see him. He would turn clear out of the road on to the grass if he met the carriage, and he would not look toward it more than he would touch a massauger."

"Why did he not get one, too, if he felt so bad? You said he was rich."

"He did before Fall, though he would only have two coats of green painted on it. I heard him telling down to the store one day that his daughter could show them what was what in the painting line. He would not have it all striped off, just as any body could paint—like Phelps's old scoop-shovel on wheels. O, Alfred, you would kill yourself laughing to see Peter's carriage. It is like a stage-coach, only the driver's seat is low, and right above it is a bright red zebra striped with black, its tail sticking out straight and feet braced as if, as Bob White says, it was standing on top of a steeple in a windy day. On one door is a dog and on the other a horse, and on the back side is a horse. Father won't let *me*, but the rest of the boys when they meet it cry out, 'Here comes the menagerie, the menagerie!' and, I tell you, it makes him mad. They would 'catch it' if he could reach them with his whip; but they know enough to keep out of the way. He is so stingy, Alfred, he won't give his boy a penny to buy a fire-cracker on the Fourth. I heard him tell his son that if he would pick up the cobble stones on an acre lot he might

have them all to smash against a big stone, and make a noise as loud as any fire-cracker, and it would not cost any thing. But do see what a long hill we are ascending. Let us jump out;" and with one bound the two younger boys reached the ground, while Clair and James, now undisturbed by their prattle, compared notes on the scenery, merits of Eastern and Western schools, and the pleasure of studying algebra under a good teacher.

An abrupt turn round a jutting point brought a loud "Whoa" from the driver, and the mill stood before them, the large water-wheel slowly dripping with water flashing in the sun, and the broad pond glistening like a sea of glass. It was too near their uncle's to stop long, and soon the boys were all clambering up the long hill that led to his house, and were received with welcoming smiles and words by uncle and aunt and three or four cousins. The Western cousins thought it was the queerest house they ever saw. The outside walls were of rough stone, and the low roof resting far over the eaves, and the ceilings inside of unpainted oak, and a huge fireplace on one side of the room almost long enough to take in a whole body of a scrub oak tree. When they were told that the walls were built before the Revolutionary war, and as it was by far the strongest in the place all the neighbors from far around once gathered into it and used it as a block-house against the attacks of the Indians, and that now the very holes where the guns were pointed at the Indians were to be seen, it seemed as if even the rough stones grew alive with interest, and Clair and Frank would never tire of talking about those old times with their cousins. After dinner they all turned in and helped their uncle gather a tree of cider apples, and then went with him to have a sail before their return to grandpapa Thomson's.

The boat had a seat in each end that would hold two, and one in the center for the oarsman; and as all of them could not sail at once, Frank ran off with two or three others on the sandy beach and sought for curious pebbles and mites of stones that glistened like silver till their own turn came. After they had all had a nice sail, and explored the mill from the large wheel to the garret, they returned to their uncle's and ate a nice supper of cream-biscuit and honey, cake and pie, and gathered a pail of grapes to take back to grandmother for her peaches; then the lumber-wagon was drawn out, and the visitors clambered in and started on their homeward ride.

Each day brought new delights and wonders to Clair and Frank. If it rained, there was

the cider-making under cover, or the hired man thrashing out beans in the barn, or grandmother made a paring bee and gathered them all into the kitchen, and they pared and sliced apples, and told stories, and laughed as aunt Carrie's baby crept in and out among the workers, and wore off some bright red parings, deftly twisted by little hands, among her sunny curls. It was all better than play, to say nothing of the treat of tarts and cakes that was sure to come when the large kettle was rounded over the top, and the bright pewter cover shut out the last, lingering quarter ready to be tossed upon it. When the sun shone there were visits, or each boy took turns on the pony, that carried them to see some picturesque falls in an adjoining town, or a high wind blew off the chestnuts, and the black trunk must be a third filled with the precious nuts to take to their distant home, or a hard rain raised the brook till James's water-wheel would turn beneath a miniature fall, and all hands were busy, forgetful of the dinner-hour, in their excitement of building flumes, and strengthening dams, and digging canals that led the water down a high bank where it fell in the air like a fluttering ribbon of silver.

The Sabbath, too, was a day of sweet, exalted pleasure. There was a longer hymn and portion of Scripture for the morning service, and, if possible, a more earnest prayer, that seemed to carry each inmate of the household up on the wings of faith to a higher, holier atmosphere. Then came the quiet walk to church, and a sermon, short and fervent, that even the youngest could listen to without weariness, and at last the Sabbath school. Some of Mrs. Cecil's former class were the teachers, and one to whom she had given many a word of counsel and advice was Clair and Frank's teacher now, winning from his pupils, even for the short time of their stay, a large amount of love, and wielding an influence for good over them of which only God could number the value.

CHAPTER VIII.

MR. CECIL'S ARRIVAL.

Six weeks thus passed. Mrs. Cecil's cheek grew round and flushed with health, and her step so firm that she could climb the steep hillside without an upholding arm, and her laugh rung out so full and joyous that Clair would pause in his busiest moments to listen to it, and reiterate to his cousin James that it was sweeter than the sweetest music to hear the merry outburst so like the old times before his baby-brother died and she was sick so long.

They were daily expecting their father, who could make but a flying visit ere his return with them to their home. The boys watched the cars morning, noon, and night on their arrival from the West, to be the first to grasp his hand and look into the dear eyes whose smile of approval had been their sweetest reward from babyhood up.

Friday came, and Mrs. Cecil and her oldest boy were confident that papa would come before night, but grandmamma and Frank were very doubtful; and as a tempting ride over to a different chestnut ridge was offered them, and James led the pony up and down before the door, saddled ready to be mounted, Clair vacillated a moment between the two pleasures before him, and then ran up stairs for his basket, and a moment later the whole trio, laughing and talking, passed out of sight around a bend in the road.

At noon the engine with its long train slowly drew up before the depot, and Mrs. Cecil stood in the sunny porch shading her eyes with her hand, watching for her husband to step upon the platform in sight, when a strong arm suddenly encircled her waist, and a greeting kiss smothered her startled exclamation.

"Stole a march on you, didn't I, wife? You forgot the uphill grade below the depot, and how good I am at jumping. But how bright you look, and your cheeks have been stealing roses! I believe it was nothing but pining to see mother; but here she comes, as young as ever," as grandmother Thomson, hearing the voice, bustled out and with tears in her eyes grasped him by the hand.

After the little bustle was over the first question was, "Where are the boys? I expected their keen eyes would light upon me before I could reach the house."

"They have gone over on the pony to chestnut ridge. You remember where we once had a grand picnic. I guess the beast will be glad when the boys say good-by, for I confess it is carry one or the other almost all day. But you must be hungry, and father said we were to call him the moment you came, so come in and blow a blast on the old tin horn, if you have not forgotten how, and eat some of mother's chicken-pie; she has had it waiting for you these two days."

The boys found the chestnuts very plenty, and by four o'clock their baskets were running over, and they ready to start for home. Clair and Frank were full of but one thought—that they should find their papa at grandfather's, and they could talk of nothing else, forget-

ful with what a saddened heart James listened to their conversation; for he, poor boy! had no father to welcome on earth. Frank was riding, and he had just reached the highest ground between them and their home, when, after taking a good look, he turned around, and in a voice full of excitement called out to Clair that he would bet a hundred dollars that he saw his father and mother just turning a curve around a hill coming to meet them.

Clair was faithless; for how could Frank tell so far off? yet he hurried his steps almost into a run, and watched the road as it again came in sight, belying with his actions his doubting words.

The foot of the long hill was at last reached, and they could just catch a glimpse of the smoke curling up against the clear sunset sky from their grandpapa's chimney, when an abrupt turn spread the road out before them, and there, not three rods from them, rested the excited boys' father and mother. Frank cleared the little pony with one bound, and sprung into the outstretched arms ready to receive him; while Clair, more dignified, held out his hand for a warm shake, though there was a perceptible, childlike quiver of the chin as he essayed to tell his father how glad he was to see him.

"And this is the cousin James that your letters have been full of?" said Mr. Cecil, divining the sorrowful feeling of the fatherless boy, and turning from his own children to grasp him kindly by the hand, then adding, as he brushed the curls from his high forehead, "Mother's eyes and hair, with father's dimpled chin and mouth. How well I remember him, strong and active, with a form befitting an emperor! He was one of my best friends, and we were always together till I moved West."

"Papa, how is the dog, and has he missed us much?" here broke in Frank, in the pause made by Mr. Cecil wiping his eyes at the memory of his early friend.

"And how is John, and did he gather the corn and hickory-nuts in the right time?"

"One at a time, and one question at a time, or you will deluge me so I can not speak. The dog would not stay with me a day, but ran off, almost as soon as you were on the cars, to father's. He would come up once in a while and smell around the tool-house, and then off he would trot. John is well, and the hickory-nuts and pop-corn are ready for you; but there, mother told us the pudding would be done to death if we were gone over an hour, and I know it is double that, so we must hurry, and, wife, you must ride," and suiting the action to the word, he caught her up, and, in spite

of her resisting struggles, seated her on the pony, and caught hold of the bridle, and, to the great merriment of the boys, trotted her down the road.

The next two days were spent at Mr. Cecil's old home, and among the few neighbors that remained; another at the brother-in-law's near the mill, and a fourth riding around the country and visiting Mt. Holyoke, with Mrs. Cecil, and sister Carrie, and the two boys, and the baby; while the last two days Mrs. Cecil's father claimed. All the near and distant relatives gathered in to enjoy themselves awhile, then turn away with a tear at the thought that, perhaps, they should never meet again on earth.

It was so like the morning of starting at home—Mrs. Cecil's coming in and waking them before dawn, the breakfast by the lamp in the dusky dining-room, and grandfather's broken voice as he implored Heaven's choicest blessings upon them at family worship—all but the chilly ride to the cars; for here the distance was so short that they walked almost in choked silence—Clair by James, Frank with the younger cousin, Mrs. Cecil between her father and mother, and Carrie by Mr. Cecil, who carried sachel and band-box, while Munson Gerald brought up the rear with the black trunk upon a wheelbarrow, whistling and chirruping to himself to make fun for the boys, and now and then bantering Frank about the prospect of musketoes when he came out for them with his barrels in the Spring.

The ladies' sitting-room was tenantless and fireless, and so the group gathered into a little side-office, where two or three men sat on rude benches around a rusty box-stove, and here they waited while Mr. Cecil went out and then came in and reported the train in sight, like a ball of fire, down the railroad track. There was only time for the last few parting words, a warm shake of the hand, and a lingering kiss all around for Mrs. Cecil, ere the engine drew up and paused in front of them; and the travelers said a hasty good-by, and stepped aboard the cars ready to bear them to their distant home; and thus ended Clair and Frank Cecil's visit to Massachusetts.

IMAGINARY evils soon become real ones by indulging our reflections on them; as he who in a melancholy fancy sees something like a face on the wall or the wainscot, can, by two or three touches with a lead pencil, make it look visible, and agreeing with what he fancied.

Swift.

THE FATHER'S DISPRAISE.

BY HARRIET N. BABB.

"Up in heaven

I have my father, with my mother's face
Beside him, in a beam of heavenly light;
No more for earth's familiar household use,
No more! The best verse written by this hand
Can never reach them, where they sit, to seem
Well done to them."

Mrs. Browning's *Aurora Leigh*.

"DEAR Julia, I have come to congratulate you! Your book is a perfect success, and every body says so, and I am so glad and so proud for you!" exclaimed the lively Mrs. T., as she ran into her young friend's "study" one bright Spring morning. "But what is the matter? Are you not well? Excuse my abrupt entrance," she added, in a startled tone, as the latter raised her head languidly from the table upon which it had been resting, and gazed at the flushed and joyous face of her visitor in a sort of dumb surprise at seeing any one so light-hearted when she was so sad.

To the anxiously-repeated question she at last replied, "I am quite well, thank you, only a little 'blue!'"

"Well! with that pale face, and that heavy, weary look about the eyes! Ah, you have been working too hard, and have over-taxed your strength; but now, that you have accomplished so much, you must rest upon your oars, and enjoy your triumph. Why, I should be half wild if I had won such praises as you have done! Only see here what 'the magazines' say of you! My husband was reading the notices at breakfast this morning, and I was so delighted that I brought them with me. Just listen to this"—

"Thank you, Mrs. T., but I *have* read those; they were sent to me yesterday—see!" and she drew some pamphlets from under the lid of the large writing-desk that stood on the table beside her.

"Well, then, let me tell you what I heard at the party last night. The first question of each new-comer was, 'Have you seen that new book called ——?' while the invariable answer was, 'Yes; and I would not have missed reading it for a great deal!' 'Nor I. I *do* wonder *who* the author is! She must be young, I think; she writes in such a cheerful strain, and diffuses so much of the sunshine of life over all her scenes!' While others said, 'No; she can not be very young, either; one must have seen a great deal of life to be able to write as she does!' I know you don't value the opinions

of the butterflies of society, who merely skim over the surface of things, and pick up and repeat phrases which they hear from others; but when such critics as Mr. A. and Mr. W.—men who are so fond of picking things to pieces in search of invisible defects—when such men, I say, speak in high terms of your work, I think you have reason to congratulate yourself upon the result of your labors."

"*Did they speak well of it?*" was the timid, doubtful question.

"Indeed they did. I just wish you could have heard them; and so did that Mr. T. who criticises every thing and every body so unmercifully, and is usually so very bitter against all 'woman's productions'—*even he* said that 'the subject was treated in a *masterly manner*, and clothed in chaste and beautiful language.' Come, now, are n't you *proud?*"

"Yes."

"But I want to see you look *pleased*, too. If I could write half as good a book I should be perfectly delighted; and here you sit as gloomy as the grave, when I couldn't sleep a wink last night—or rather this morning, for it was one o'clock before we got home—just for thinking how happy you must be to have succeeded so admirably! As I look at your long face I am reminded of the words of Mrs. Browning, in *Aurora Leigh*:

"If this, then, be success, 'tis dismal
Than any failure."

Julia dashed away two large tears she had struggled to keep back, but which refused to be detained in their crystal fountain.

"Come, now," continued her friend, "confess that you are a *naughty* child to mourn when you should be rejoicing; and if you will promise to be good and not cry any more, I will grant you instant absolution. No answer! Nay, then, I may as well take myself home again. I came here to be 'joyous in your joy;' but you are in trouble; and since you will not let me sympathize with you, the kindest thing I can do is to relieve you of my presence at once; so just raise your head long enough to say good-by to your meddlesome and intrusive old friend;" and she placed her arms kindly around the bowed form of the young girl whom she loved so dearly.

"Do not go, Mrs. T.; do not mind my fitfulness. I am, indeed I am, very grateful for your enthusiastic interest in my 'fame.' I know I ought to be happy, and once I should have been half wild with joy at the bare thought of this 'success,' as you are pleased to call it; but now I can not help thinking, if only my

father could have lived to read my book! If only I could have heard from his lips the words, 'well done, my child!' it would have been sweeter to me than the praise of all the world besides. His great ambition always was to see me become a distinguished writer; and for his sake, even from a little child, I thirsted for the fame of authorship. But I was slow in developing my powers; so slow that he concluded I had no talents, and laid aside his bright dreams in despair. And now that he is dead he can never know that his child has profited by his teachings, and been incited by his wishes to become"—

"Just what he most desired—how happy that thought should make you!" interposed her warm-hearted friend.

"But since he is dead, what good does it do? Since he is not here to know and rejoice in it, what is success to me?"

"He is not here, because God has taken him to himself; you know that, dearest; and you must shake off this morbid feeling, and rejoice in the good gifts still spared to you. You have so much to be grateful for!"

"Yes, yes, I know; but—I suppose it is a morbid feeling in me—yet if my father could only have known, only have *foreseen* my success as a writer, I think I should be perfectly happy!"

"Most probably he *did* foresee it."

"Alas, my friend, I have a painful proof to the contrary; for the very last composition of mine he ever read seemed to him so commonplace, so inferior to what his daughter should have written, that he could scarcely trust himself to speak of it!"

"What strange, sad fancy has found a lodgment in your brain now, Julia? Verily you must be sick; but tell me all about it, and so break the spell forever."

"It is no *fancy* of a sick brain, but a simple *fact*, laid up in the storehouse of memory, which saddens me. Other things I can forget, but this one incident of my girlhood clings to me and keeps coming up to torture me."

"Tell me about it," repeated her friend.

"You did not know my father; every one who *did* pronounced him a superior man; but to me he always seemed a divinity. From my earliest years my highest aim in life was to please him, and to prove myself the worthy daughter of *such* a father. To this end I studied while my companions played. I gave my mind to mathematics and the languages, when other girls of my age were engrossed in determining the most charming shades of silks and ribbons, and the most becoming styles of

arranging their braids and ringlets. For this I used to light my lamp and go down to the solitary school-room to write my compositions, while my classmates were still wandering in the land of dreams. I won many praises from my teachers by my industry and perseverance; but these did not satisfy me; for it was my father's approbation that I coveted, and that was more difficult to gain, because the standard which he had set for me was so much higher than theirs. But when even one word of approval came from him, how it set my heart all aglow!

"I am afraid you think me tedious, so I will hurry on to 'that last composition.' I was attending the — Seminary then, and we had all been studying hard for a grand examination season. For the many distinguished visitors who were expected to be present I cared not a pin—they were nothing to me nor I to them; it was only when those were by who would be proud of my success, and pained by any thing like mediocrity of talents, that I felt anxious. My father did not arrive till the last day, as he had only a few hours to spare from pressing business affairs. My first thought on seeing him was my composition. I had labored diligently over it, yet still a fear crept over me that it would not come up to his hopes; and it seemed to me then, when too late to help it, that I had not thrown that *intensity* of earnestness into my effort which I might have done.

"My father listened to my examinations in Euclid, Livy, and Corinne, and spoke approvingly of each. The compositions of our class were not to be read till evening; and when my parent announced that he must leave in the six o'clock train, I am ashamed to say that I felt a little relieved. But I was not to come off so easily. After a late dinner there was still a little time for conversation, and, as we were seated by the parlor fire, my father interrupted our Principal in her praises of me, by requesting to see my composition. With many misgivings I placed it in his hands. But I can not even now sit quietly by and see any one read my productions without a strange, nervous feeling taking possession of me, bodily and mentally; and, on this occasion, it was so overwhelming that it was a great relief to me to be called out for consultation respecting the evening's programme. As I was about to reënter the parlor by a different door from that at which I had gone out, my footsteps were unconsciously arrested by hearing my father lay down the manuscript and sigh heavily. My teacher looked at him inquiringly, and said, 'Julia writes *well* for so young a girl?' My heart stood still till his answer came.

"To tell the truth, madam, I am disappointed. I thought she could write a *better* composition than that!" and he sighed again.

"It was well that neither of them had seen me, for my confusion and distress were so great that I had to run up stairs to my own room, and hide myself for a little while from every one, and most of all from my father. When I went down again I was outwardly calm, but, O, how my heart ached! Father took leave of me without once alluding to my composition, and his silence hurt me more than any criticism could have done. 'It seems to him such perfect *trash* that he does not want to talk about it,' I said to myself. As I stood on the steps watching his cab till it was out of sight, I resolved that he should never again have occasion to say that he was 'disappointed' in my writings; for I would strain every nerve, ay, and overstrain it, too, if necessary, but that I would come up to even his high standard as a writer! 'And now I have the *pleasant* task before me of standing up in "chapel" to-night and reading the production over which my father sighed so heavily,' I said to myself with bitterness.

"My reverie was interrupted by my teacher, who drew me in to the fire, saying, 'You are chilled through, you should not have staid out so long.'

"The air didn't hurt me,' I said, pettishly; 'but the sight of this does!' as I took up my unfortunate composition, and hurrying to the grate I was about to thrust it in, but she gently interposed to prevent me. She saw at once what was troubling me, and placing me on a low seat, with my feet to the fire and my head in her lap, she passed her hand soothingly over my temples as she said, in sympathetic tones, 'So you heard what your father said. Poor child! I am sorry; but remember this, my dear, your father forgets *how young* you are, and measures your productions by his own. Would it not be *strange* if, at your age, you could write equal to him?'

"Indeed it would; for there are very few *men* as talented as he is!' I said.

"Then you see, dear, how unreasonable it is in you to feel discouraged now.'

"But I *mean* to come up to my father's standard yet; he shall not always have to say that he is disappointed in my abilities.'

"I should not be surprised to see you even *exceed* his fondest wishes. With your perseverance there is no telling what one may not accomplish!' And so she comforted me and sent me off to dress for the evening's entertainment.

"Our school chapel presented a brilliant

scene that night. We had 'hung wreaths of 'evergreens' around the chandelier, and over each door and window, while clusters of roses and verbenas were so arranged that their beauty and fragrance might be enjoyed by all. We pupils, dressed in simple white muslin, with no ornaments but flowers, were grouped on a raised platform at one end, while the remaining part of the edifice was literally packed with visitors. We had a few fine pieces of music, then two of our class stood up, with shaky hands unfolded and in tremulous voices read their essays. The poor girls were frightened at the sight of so many people, and could not do themselves justice. Then came more music, and after that compositions again, the flushed and anxious faces of the readers showing that they had recognized interested listeners among the crowd. My turn to read came last, and I was the only indifferent one of the whole class—indifferent, because sentence had already been pronounced against me by my father. I had felt that verdict so keenly that I cared not what others might think of me. In every pause of my reading I seemed to hear my father's sigh of disappointment. As soon as I had finished, to my great surprise, I was loudly applauded by the audience; and in the soiree, which always follows these occasions, I had to be introduced to ever so many ladies and gentlemen to give them an opportunity of flattering me upon my composition. I was told afterward that I did not show any pleasure at the compliments thus poured upon me, and that politeness demanded that I should have seemed pleased whether I were so or not. No doubt I was rude, but I was thinking all the while, 'how easy it is for people to praise those toward whom they are indifferent!' and that a real, heart-stirring interest in me would have led them to see defects in my theme, where they professed to discover only beauties. My judgment told me that my father's verdict was the only just one; and while my spirit was deeply humbled and pained under the consciousness that he was disappointed in me, still, I felt my courage rising and all my powers quickened by the resolution I had that day made, that, come what would, he should yet feel gratified by his daughter's abilities as a writer. With this aim in view I labored on, week after week and month after month, till conscious of a decided improvement in my style. How glad I felt to know that at least my father would never have to say again, 'I am disappointed in her writings!' All this while I kept my productions out of his sight, hoping one day to give him a glad surprise.

But, alas! just as I fancied I was about to realize my fondest wishes, and to place in his hands the result of my labors, his sudden death left me without a father, and without any aim in life!"

"With such talents as yours one can never be without an aim in life. Your destiny is to write."

"I can not, now that I have no father. This book was prepared with the hope of gaining his approval. When I grew weary and ready to give up my task in despair, the thought that I might one day hear him say, 'It is well done, my child!' made me strong and hopeful again; but he was never permitted to see the result of my labors, and the last composition of mine that he ever read was the one which disappointed him so bitterly. Do you wonder, now, that, when others praise my work, I turn away in sadness, and long for one word from my father?"

"No, dear, it is not strange; only you seem to forget that your father, though in heaven, still sees you and takes pleasure in your success. We all err too often in thinking that, because our dead friends are buried away out of our sight, we are necessarily hidden from them. While God's saints are mercifully placed beyond the reach of sorrow and pain, I believe they are permitted to have such glimpses of those they loved here as will contribute to their happiness. 'Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?' And so, if my faith is any thing to you, you may comfort yourself with thinking that your parent looks down with pleasure upon your efforts, and feels that his daughter has developed her powers in exact accordance with his wishes."

"But don't you think, Julia," she added, after a pause, "that if he could speak to you now from out his glorious home, he would say, 'My daughter, the praise of an earthly parent is as nothing compared with the approval of your Heavenly Father. He took me away that you might have only him to please. Then draw near to him and listen to his voice as it speaks in tones of love to your soul. Cultivate your talents to the utmost; but, inasmuch as they were His free gift, consecrate them to him and use them only in his service. Resolve that they shall ever be the means of promoting the cause of truth and of purity on the earth; so shall you always enjoy His smiles in your heart, and by and by he will bid you come up higher, and will himself greet you with the very words your heart yearns to hear—Well done, my child, well done!'"

THE PHENOMENON OF LIGHT.

BY REV. H. H. FAIRALL.

THE material world is revealed to man by the aid of light, and the organ of vision is the instrument through which its objects are photographed on the mind. This general principle is understood by the populace, who are entirely ignorant of science, but the particular *modus operandi* is a problem abstruse, and as yet indeterminate. The important question which has attracted natural philosophers is, how does light convey the external world to the eye? There is an intervening space, and yet we are cognizant of distant objects. We behold the most distant star in the heavens by simply directing our attention to it. Its light strikes the eye and immediately the existence of that star is known to us. It is then certain that light travels, and also that it emanates from the visible object. This is the philosophy of perception. When we understand the nature of light, then, we may have some idea how it travels to the eye, conveying the external world with it. There are two hypotheses held by opticians concerning its nature. The first is, that it is "a material fluid of extreme subtilty." The second is, that it is "produced by the undulations of an independent medium set in motion by the luminous body." The first hypothesis was defended by opticians of great eminence, among whom was Newton. The second hypothesis was held by Young, Euler, Descartes, and Huygens. Hence a considerable difference of opinion has existed among scientific men on this point, and it is difficult to decide, in view of the plausible arguments on both sides, which theory is the correct one. We will, however, present the arguments that are generally used by the disputants in this controversy, so that the reader may have an intelligent idea of their merits.

THE THEORY OF EMISSIONS.

This is based upon the doctrine of the materiality of light. If the truth of this doctrine can be shown, then the theory of Newton is established beyond a doubt. The most conclusive argument in this direction is, that *the laws of light are conformable to those of material bodies moving under the same circumstances.*

1. It is a law of light that its rays, "while they continue in the same uniform medium, proceed in straight lines." This is evident in all the experiments of optics, and hence can not be questioned. The first law of motion is that a "body continues in the state in which it is, whether of rest or motion, till compelled by

some external force to change its state." Its natural tendency is in a right line. As this is a law controlling only material objects, and as light is controlled by it, we must conclude light is material.

2. It is a law of light that its rays, in passing out of one medium into another, undergo a change of direction. We know, from the simplest experiments, that they are refracted by passing into mediums of different densities, as from air into water. This corresponds with the law of the mutual gravitation of matter being attracted from rarer toward denser bodies. When a ray of light passes out of a rarer into a denser medium, it is refracted *toward* the perpendicular to the surface; and in passing out of a denser into a rarer medium, it is refracted *from* the perpendicular. In both cases the ray is attracted downward, or in the direction of the denser body. Hence light exhibits the property of attraction, one of the most characteristic properties of matter. These two laws are considered conclusive by the advocates of the Newtonian theory; but to strengthen its claims they add other weighty arguments. They contend that light produces certain chemical changes in bodies which belong to none but a material agent. Also, that rays of light, by passing through certain media, are polarized, or their opposite sides appear to be endowed with different properties—a fact which is consistent only on the supposition that light is material.

Many objections have been urged against the materiality of light. The first is, that material particles, endowed with such immense velocity, would have a momentum which nothing could resist, much less so delicate an organ as the eye. The second objection is, that were the rays material, so great is their number scattered throughout the universe, they would interfere with one another. The third objection is, that the sun and stars would waste away and grow dim by such a constant and profuse expenditure of matter. Replies have been made to these objections, which we leave to the judgment of the reader. In the first place, the momentum of a ray of light may still be inconsiderable, if the quantity of matter is small in the same proportion as the velocity is great. It seems amazing that matter could become so attenuated; yet it is too incredible, but perfectly consistent with the known analogies of nature. One of the properties of bodies is divisibility, which shows that a particle of matter may be divided till it is too small to be seen or felt. We can not conceive of a body, however minute, without extension and form, and hence we can not

conceive a limit beyond which bodies cease to be divisible. Gold is hammered so thin as to take 282,000 leaves to make an inch in thickness. In the second place, notwithstanding the universal diffusion of light, no interference of its particles is necessary, for it is not essential to the purpose of vision that a ray should consist of contiguous particles of light. It is found that the sensation continues for some time after the luminous object is removed, during an interval sufficient for light to pass through twenty-two thousand miles; consequently, particles no nearer to each other than this distance would be competent to maintain uninterrupted vision. Thus, an ignited stick whirled in the air exhibits a ring of light, because the sensation continues for a longer time than the illuminated point occupies in passing round the circle. In the third place, the small danger of waste sustained by the sun in consequence of the light which it dispenses, may be inferred from the following remarks of Dr. Priestley. After relating an experiment in which the light of the sun collected during one second, by a concave reflector of four square feet, and thrown on the arm of a delicate balance, indicated a weight not exceeding the twelve hundred millionth part of a grain, the Doctor adds: "Now the light in the above experiment was collected from a surface of four square feet, which reflecting only about half what falls upon it, the quantity of matter contained in the rays of the sun incident upon a square foot and a half of surface in one second of time, ought to be no more than the twelve hundred millionth part of a grain. But the density of light at the surface of the sun is greater than at the earth in the proportion of 45,000 to 1; there ought, therefore, to issue from one square foot of the sun's surface, in one second of time, in order to supply the waste by light, one forty thousandth part of a grain of matter; that is, a little more than two grains in a day, or about 4,752,000 grains, which is about six hundred and seventy pounds avoirdupois in six thousand years." We are indebted to an able treatise on optics for the statement of the above objections, and also for the replies to them.

THE THEORY OF UNDULATIONS.

This is based upon the assumption that a luminous body communicates a series of vibrations to a peculiar fluid that is diffused throughout the universe, which vibrations form the communication between the luminous body and the eye. The fluid in question is *ether*, and so extreme is its tenuity and elasticity that it does not disturb the planets and comets in their orbit.

It is supposed to have a wave motion when disturbed, by which the impression is conveyed from the radiant to the eye. The most plausible argument supporting this theory, is the numerous analogies between the phenomena of light and those of sound.

1. *The inflexion of light is analogous to the inflexion or interference of sound.* It is known by experiment that "an illuminated body may become less bright by the addition of more light. Two homogeneous rays of light coming from the same source, may, after passing over a certain distance, meet at a point under such circumstances that the brightness will be almost destroyed." This singular phenomenon is attributed to the "mutual action of the rays of light," which has been designated by the term *interference*. It is claimed by the advocates of the undulatory theory that this phenomenon can not be explained satisfactorily by the doctrine of the materiality of light, but is intelligible when viewed as a result of undulations. In sound we may conceive of two similar undulations, producing simultaneous impulses in the same direction, so that the effect on the ear will be double what either would have produced separately. Here one sound-wave is increased by the addition of another. We may also conceive of cases in which one sound-wave may *interfere* with another, so that the combined effect is less than either would have produced alone. Effects of this kind, well known in music, are called "beats." Here, then, the interference of sound is similar to that of light; and as the former is produced by undulations, it is reasonable to attach the same cause to the latter. There are other analogies that might be traced between the phenomena of light and sound, but we will present one more only.

2. *The velocity of sound is rapid like that of light.* Sound is conveyed to the ear by an undulatory vibration of the air. This may be considered a slow method of transmission; and yet sound moves at the rate of eleven hundred and forty-two feet per second. The proper velocity of light, as determined from the eclipses of Jupiter's satellites, is one hundred and ninety-two thousand, five hundred miles per second. Such a velocity is incomprehensible, and may seem too rapid to be transmitted by undulations. This would be the case if air were the medium of communication. The velocity of light might then be equal to that of sound. But light passes through only forty-five miles of atmosphere. The remainder of its long distance is through ether. As this fluid is very elastic, its delicate springs would, in a second, be moved throughout the length of one hundred

red and ninety-two thousand, five hundred miles as easily as sound disturbs eleven hundred and forty-two feet of air in the same time. Hence when the medium is perfectly elastic, as in the case of ether, rapidity of motion is not inconsistent with undulations.

We have introduced the principal arguments supporting the two different theories of light, and now the reader can choose the most plausible.

After reviewing the whole subject we are persuaded that the theory of emissions is the only one which explains the phenomena of light. The majority of opticians in the days of Newton opposed the undulatory theory; but we are told that more recent and refined discoveries in optics have favored it, and that now it is the prevailing one. We are not advised that the materiality of light has ever been disproved. Till it has been demonstrated that light does not move in right lines, and is not refracted by passing out of one medium into another, its materiality can never be properly questioned, and the doctrine that material particles from luminous bodies reveal the existence of the latter can never be overthrown. These swift, invisible particles from the distant, visible surface of the luminary, are like angelic messengers coming down to our world, dispelling the darkness and ministering to the happiness of man. We might truly call them "angels of light." How wonderful is this mysterious radiance! How sudden and sublime its birth! "Let there be light, and there was light." It is the emblem of truth, because it is the enemy of darkness. It is a representative of Him who said, "I am the light of the world," and who is the light of that eternal city, whose "glitt'ring towers the sun outshine."

THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION.

We live in the midst of blessings till we are utterly insensible to their greatness, and of the source from whence they flow. We speak of our civilization, our arts, our freedom, our laws, and forget entirely how large a share is due to Christianity. Blot Christianity out of the page of man's history, and what would his laws have been—what his civilization? Christianity is mixed up with our very being and our daily life; there is not a familiar object around us which does not wear a different aspect because the light of Christian love is on it—not a law which does not owe its truth and gentleness to Christianity—not a custom which can not be traced, in all its holy, healthful parts, to the Gospel.—*Sir A. Park.*

HERE.

BY ABBIE SLEMMONS.

"They're here in this turf-bed, those tender forms,
So kindly cherished, and so fondly loved,
They're here!"

HERE, just here, on this mossy stone,
Is a name I loved in days long gone,
Of a creature so little akin to earth,
That a being she seemed of celestial birth,
With her radiant eyes and her shining hair,
And brow all unshadowed by earthly care,
And her dancing step, and her laugh of glee.
Ah, can it be, ah, can it be,
That, saving her name on this mossy stone,
Record of her the earth hath none?

The beautiful earth that to her was fraught
With the richest hues of ideal thought;
For she was a worshiper at the shrine
Of nature, and deep in that lore divine;
An audible voice had the forest trees
For her, when they stirred to the passing breeze,
Mysterious sounds on the whispering wind,
Wakened weird echoes in her young mind,
And a power all the depths of her soul to thrill
Had the sudden gush of an unseen rill.

The clouds were swift chariots whereon
Rode in her visions the angel-throng;
Bright forms walked the sunbeams' golden stair,
And the cities of heaven were pictured there;
And shining shallop and gleaming ore
Caressed the waves of that mystic shore;
And when the west wind blew the limes,
She caught the glimpsing of silver chimes,
Of crystal turret and flaming spire,
And cherubim hastening on wings of fire.

The gray old rock was her mountain seat,
Where the forest whispered about her feet,
With murmurs tender, and soft, and low,
As the voice heart-hushed in the long ago;
And she caught strange joy from the rush of streams,
For all things took hues from her poet-dreams,
And every chord of her heart was strung
To echo the song the poet sung;
Yet, saving her name on this mossy stone,
Record of her the earth hath none.

The singing brooks, the birds, the flowers,
Were her gentle playmates in sunny hours,
And the sight and the sound of them to me
Are forever linked with her memory.
There was not a flower but had some sweet spell,
Or hidden meaning that *she* knew well,
Or touching legend of love or woe,
Drawn from the records of long ago,
Or radiant myth of the fabled past,
That round it a mystical halo cast.

The sunset hour had a charm for her,
More potent than that for his worshiper—
A sense, a mystery, a thrill, a power,
That alone is the poet-spirit's dower;

And her soul held communing, sweet and still,
With the sounds and dreams that its brightness fill;
And when the last, resplendent gleam
Had faded from meadow, and rock, and stream,
She paused to gaze on the first pale star,
Lonely, and lovely, and faint, and far.

She would lay to her ear the bright-lipped shell,
And murmur of things it to her could tell,
Of cities far down 'neath the blue seas' foam,
Where the foot of mortal may never roam,
And of noble hearts that are resting there,
From the sterner billows of earthly care.
Few things for her had earth, sea, or sky,
But were fraught with beauty and poetry;
Yet, saving her name on this mossy stone,
Record of her the earth hath none.

O, had she dissolved on the Southern air,
Or but changed to a flow'ret, bright and rare,
Or faded away as a Summer cloud,
And left no memory of pall or shroud,
Of breaking hearts, of a funeral-bell,
It had seemed meet, it had been well.
But alas! alas! that *she* should turn
To be the food of the crawling worm;
That she should blend with the common earth,
The mold that giveth the field-flower birth.

I know she is risen and is not here,
I know the thought should my spirit cheer,
I know that now on the Savior's breast
Her gentle spirit hath found its rest;
I know the dust can not soil her brow,
I know she is an angel now;
And yet, and yet, 'tis a mournful thing,
To wander here in the opening Spring,
And read engraved on the mossy stone
This name that I loved in days long gone.

THE AGONY.

BY REV. H. P. ANDREWS.

MY heart is torn with grief; my soul, in sadness,
Cries out with agony. The joy and gladness
Of the long ago, like songs of childhood,
Come in sad echoes from the distant wildwood.

I'm sad and weary—weariness with constant striving;
And, like a stricken child, my heart is grieving.
My Father, why is this? Why all this anguish?
Why does my soul 'mid all earth's brightness languish?

O, why this bitter fruiting of each flower?
And why the darkened closing of each hour?
'Tis mystery all! I only know that sadness
Shrouds with its darkness all my gushing gladness.

Yet, hush! my bleeding heart, this wild complaining;
And, humbled at the cross, sweet peace regaining,
From the sad lesson of His dying sorrow,
Learn the sure promise of thy bright TO-MORROW.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF PRESENCE.

SECOND ARTICLE.

BY REV. J. D. BELL.

ALL the force directly exerted by one mind upon another, all the penetrating energy which heroes have in their eagle glance, is, at bottom, an emanation; 'tis something sent from within; 'tis something effluent. "There went virtue out of him;" that is the all-comprehending statement of the philosophy of presence. To be interesting, to be brave, to have magnetism, think not you must first accumulate the secret essence of manly impressiveness, and then formally put it forth. Do this, and your power will recoil; for it is chary of arrestment. Prevent its outflow, and you stop its rise. 'Tis seemingly capricious here; yet, as much as gravity or electricity, it has its laws; and did we but learn these we should find it something that never fails to act like itself when the conditions of its brisk and legitimate behavior are fulfilled. Would you, then, have force of presence? Bend your soul to the occasion, and let it at once throw out some fresh and steady current from the hidden spring of its own power; and, though that current be a myriad times smaller than the most attenuated stream that could emanate from any merely physical source, it will make your presence cogent and quickening.

The true, virgin energy of souls is peculiar for this one thing—that to be real it must be in the process of flowing or darting forth. The key to its effectiveness, the secret of its becoming a penetrating virtue, is concentration. As something exerted, and, in the same moment, sent to make its mark, it is always availing, piercing, stimulating. But let it be held back and barred in, as if it were a fluid whose volume can be increased by damming up its current, and the result will be diminution and dreaminess. Freshets and floods of spirit-virtue can never be produced by calm accumulation within, and suspended action without. We should never, therefore, wait for the rise of energy. The way is to put it forth. Make concentration its lord, and rectitude its rule; and then this fine emanation will prove that you have a wakeful and vigorous soul; that in you lives a goodly measure of that substance which gives power to heroes' eyes; and that with no mean crouchings to others, but with

"High thought, and amiable words,
And courtliness, and the desire of fame,
And love of truth, and all that makes a man,"

you are rendering your presence a force in the world.

That, from the earliest moment, concentration is the great and chief thing in the evolution of energy from the soul, will, I think, be evident on referring to the true explanation of what we call *dullness*. The dull presence is a reality, or a want of reality, not rare in this world; and, perhaps, the most reasonable account of it that can be given is, that it is the absence of personal energy. Its cause is inaction of soul. A dearth of spirit-force always accompanies it; and the explanation of all in the case is, that concentration of the mind's power has never been made a habit. There are some persons whose souls seem to, doze whenever they are in company. Physically they have burst the bands of slumber; but mentally they are in the nest of Morpheus, with their faculties asleep and dreaming. Open eyes have they; but nothing that is like a soul looks from within through them. Sound and untrammelled organs of speech have they; but nothing that can be called an emanation of virtue from within attends their rare and languid action. Thoreau says that "dullness is but another name for tameness." Who is not tame when his soul is destitute of energy? If you have not this, how consenting shall you be led from yes to yes, and from no to no, in every instance of conversation! With what lifeless meekness shall you be found submitting to every one who, with the least measure of magnetism in his glance, thrusts his opinions upon you! Said the orator Cælius to one who, while supping with him, consented to all that he said, "For the love of the gods! contradict me in something, that we may be two." Surely, to be dull is to be tame; for it is to be in that state of soul in which energy comes not forth; in which mental effluence is wanting; in which there is no emanation of the quickening virtue that makes manhood felt. "If," says Montaigne, "it [that is, the soul] be left to itself it flags and languishes; agitation only gives it grace and vigor."

We may, then, affirm that energy and dullness, so far as these are concerned in presence, are in opposition to each other, both as to nature and to effect. The former is power of mind put forth; the latter is the absence of exerted mental power. That is the secret essence of manly impressiveness in motion, just as wind is air in motion: this is the want of stir in the soul—a lack of mental life, which, like the sluggishness of sultry air, makes one who is determined to have his soul alive look round for some means of "raising a breeze."

Now, there are awakenings of soul which resemble the state of true energy, and yet are sadly unlike it. Compared with that they are scarcely more than evanescent dazzle or dry excitement. While they do not partake of that tameness which means destitution of spirit-virtue, they have not the needful thing which supports earnestness and endeavor till a triumph is born. One such awakening is that which we may call *fitful briskness*. It is a case in which energy is emitted; but in which that energy is at the mercy of a weak habit of concentration. There are persons who, now and then, throw out jets of mental power. They start up and bestir themselves as if they were about to bring something excellent to pass; but what is the result? By their fit of exertion they produce some part of the splendid whole which they promised, and then their force fails. The freak ends as suddenly as it began. There was briskness, but it was fitful; there was a vivid show of doing, but nothing was roundly done. What an amount of promising mental effort there is in the world, which is no more followed by solid performance than heat-lightning is by thunder! He whose mind is fitfully brisk never accomplishes any one of his tasks: vain is all the fervidness of his fleeting intellectual ardors. Apply yourself in action by fits and starts, and you will strew your life-path with failures. It is no flash-emanation—it is concentrated and persevering virtue of mind that works all fine deeds. Emerson, in his "Conduct of Life," tells us of a brave painter who said to him, "If a man has failed, you will find he has dreamed instead of working. There is no way to success in our art, but to take off your coat, grind paint, and work like a digger on the railroad, all day, and every day." The single fault of Coleridge was, that he was only freakishly energetic. His soul was one of the finest order—one which, whenever it broke forth into full freedom of action, took its place, at once, and by right, in the highest walks of poetic genius. It was a source of exquisite—nay, of transcendently-exquisite magnetism; and certainly he had need only of a strong habit of concentration, or of that which Mr. Bayne calls "a sustained self-mastery," to have wrought well-rounded, glorious productions, instead of mere brilliant fragments. But there was that lack in him which ever kept him from going far enough in any great way. He gave forth thought with witchery in it on every subject which he took up; but the trouble was he always changed the subject too soon. If there is any tree in the world which bears beautiful fruit, but always leaves its fruit to fall to the

ground unripe, Coleridge was like that tree. In the "Noctes Ambrosianæ," I find the Ettrick Shepherd speaking of him thus: "The author of Christabel and the Ancient Mariner had better just continue to see visions and to dream dreams; for he's no fit for the wakin' world." But Coleridge, perhaps, told his fault more comprehensively than any one else has ever done, when he said, in his Table-Talk, "I have a smack of Hamlet myself, if I may say so."

Another awakening of soul which has little in common with the state of true energy, is that to which we may give the name of *unimpressive engagedness*. 'Tis this that makes the dry presence. There are inveterate talkers who say a thousand things which would be keen and sparkling if they did not say them. Their thick-coming words are like the juiceless leaves which are blown upon us by the winds of Autumn. Let them express new thought, and it will seem stale; let them tell you the most laughing anecdote in the world, and it will seem a poor, flat thing; so little of any thing piercing and quickening do they put forth with their eternal talk. They have vocal activity, activity of features, and, we suppose, activity of mind; but, surely, something is wanting. What is it? It is the secret of manly effect; it is that fine exhalation from within which gives spirit and life to words and manners. It is that magnetic virtue which the human soul, whenever truly awake and energetic, sheds from its own wondrous substance, and without which all engagedness connected with presence must be unimpressive and tedious. How vain is oratory! how like is it to "sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal," when this same nice effluence flashes not from the speaker's eye, animates not his gesture, gives not elasticity and magic to his utterance! Eloquence without magnetism is simply impossible. There can be speech without it—speech, of the same nature as the prate of Thersites—speech, dry as the sunburnt dust of beaten roads; but the oratory that has

"A power which awakens, and a grace that charms,"

the oratory which is eloquence, coming with prevailing witchery from every feature, and from every limb, and from the anointed lips—this is inseparable from magnetic energy. Cleomenes once burst out into laughter while hearing an orator declaim on valor; and the orator being moved to anger, Cleomenes said, "I should do the same if it were a swallow that spoke of this subject; but if it were an eagle, I should willingly hear him." And my philosopher, Montaigne, mentions the following

instance: Polemon, a debauched young Grecian, went, by chance, to hear one of the lectures of Xenocrates, "and not only brought away the knowledge of some fine matter, but a more manifest and more solid profit, which was the sudden change and reformation of his former life." No unimpressive engagedness was there; but magnetism—that which oratory ever must borrow in order to be potent and victorious—magnetism was there. The power which Cromwell had in speech is one of the famous things of history. Considered according to the rules of elocutionary schools, he was no orator. Polish he had not—splendor of diction he had not. Who would ever think of making a collection of his oratorical passages, under the title of "The Beauties of Cromwell?" And yet, say what you will of him, it is a truth that he was tremendously eloquent. Look at that instance in which he faced the Rump Parliament, and, by a brave bearing and a few stern words, scared them from their hall. The Dutch had become tired of fighting against English warships, and had sued for peace. But the Parliament, thinking that the prosecution of the war would tend to restrict Cromwell's power, were disinclined to grant peace. Cromwell, knowing well how the case stood, went with three hundred soldiers to the house, and, with an energy of manner and of utterance that was all-conquering, he denounced the members for their crimes against the public; and, stamping with his foot, said he, "For shame! Get you gone! Give place to honest men! I tell you you are no longer a Parliament; the Lord hath done with you!" Then ordering the mace, which he designated as "that bauble," to be taken away, he and his soldiers looked on while the members withdrew; and, as the closing act in the scene, he locked the door, and put the key in his own pocket.

Now, this instance shows that the oratory which is made eagle-like by the magnetism of the soul is the only oratory that penetrates men, and causes them to yield and bend before it. I wonder not that Thomas Carlyle has expressed such admiration of Cromwell in his "Heroes and Hero-Worship." He who, by the marvelous force of his presence and of his voice, so influenced men, and gave such an exhibition of personal grandeur, could not but win the admiring regard of that brave lover of the brave. Some of Carlyle's sayings of him are: "His heart was the heart of a man who could pray." "With that rude, passionate voice he was always understood to mean something, and men asked to know what." "If the words were true words, they could be left to

shift for themselves." And Cromwell's speeches he forcibly calls "rugged bursts of earnestness."

A third awakening of soul, which differs very materially from that in which there is an emanation of true energy, is the state of *chaotic discomposure*. I do not mean, here, the wild discomposure of passionate fury; I mean that bewilderment which involves an almost complete scattering of the mental faculties, and a sudden and wretched ebbing of mental force. The opposite of this state is commonly called "presence of mind." The former may be viewed as negative, the latter as positive. One is the state of embarrassment, the other the state of self-possession. Have you never seen an individual who was subject to inner confusions? Ah, what pallid and trembling weakness was often there! What an utter losing of all consciousness of capacity, what a poltroonish fluttering of pulses, what a sorry mixture of fever and ague were sometimes there! A human being with his soul affrighted and fleeing away is an abject and pitiful sight, indeed. There has been a serious lack in our development if we can not abide any hour of emergency with some force of presence. Said Seneca: "He is most potent who has himself in his own power." I like to see how that noble instance of self-possession—Michael Montaigne—used, in times of sudden trial of soul, to maintain his magnetic and manly coolness, and emerge soundly, where many another man would, through defect of presence-force, have failed or fallen. "It has often happened to me," he says, "that upon the mere credit of my presence and air, persons, who had no manner of knowledge of me, have put a very great confidence in me, whether in their own affairs or mine; and I have, in foreign parts, thence obtained favors singular and rare." Once, while journeying "through a very fickle country," he was arrested by a band of soldiers, who showed that they did not know who he was. Being taken by them into the depth of a neighboring forest, he was there robbed, and then they for some time debated whether to deprive him of life or not. With unconfused soul he insisted on having his liberty, grounding his brief and brave plea on a certain truce which had been newly published in the army, and on his unwillingness that they should have more than the gain they had already wrested from him. After two or three hours they mounted him on a jaded horse, and separated his servants from him, bearing them off in different directions. But by and by the leader of them returned to him, and began to address him in gentler language. He restored to him his goods, so far as

it was possible; then, pulling off his vizor, and giving Montaigne his name, he told him repeatedly that he owed his deliverance to his *courtenance, and the freedom and firmness of his words*, which rendered him unworthy of the loss of his liberty and of his life.

There are many who have an appreciative sense of the element of self-possession. You will find fathers who are endeavoring so to train their sons, that, in the time which shall suddenly lay some extraordinary test on their ability, they may not shrink, and crouch, and be nothing, but may maintain the collected state of their faculties. "Presence of mind" is universally held in honor; and every wise man to whom God has given a well-made boy will often be found putting the inexperienced youngster forth upon his own strength. He will, now and then, willingly let him be lost for a time, amid circumstances where he will learn to "have himself in his own power." So, in a manner, do young eagles learn the art of flight, by being frequently left by parent eagles to gain skill and force from conditions which require self-reliance.

We come, now, to observe the fact that the evolution of true energy from the soul is, in a great number of cases, either entirely prevented or very much retarded by one abounding source of unmanly influence. It is that of *fashion*. Who does not know the effect of that insidious power which is independent of merit, which thrives by caprice and flourish, and which keeps the world in a perpetual flutter about the cut of clothes, and crooks and turns of manners? Fashion—what is it? I see an ocean of meaning in the definition of that writer who calls it "the race of the rich to get away from the poor, who follow on as fast as they can." Why does Miss Tabby Dormouse, of whom you will read in Curtis's genteel Potiphar Papers, slip over the letter *r*, and let herself be heard saying, "Some 'aw, 'uff man from the country?" Why do those Irishmen, of whom Thackeray speaks in his Book of Snobs, "ape Englishmen, and forget their country, and try to forget their accent, or to smother the taste of it?" He tells us of O'Dowd, of Odowdstown, who says, "Come, dine with me, my boy; you'll find us all English there;" and the expression comes with a broad brogue which blabs the ridiculous folly of his trying to be an Englishman. Another instance is that of Mrs. Capt. M' Manus, who talks about *I-ah-land*, and of her *favther's esheel*. The explanation of these, and of all similar attempts at show and style is, that there are some who are trying to support splendid appearances which shall make them distinct

from certain others, while those others are trying, by an eternal aping of their splendors, to take rank with them. Now, this strife after outward distinction affects, in a lamentable manner, the development of souls, and the value of mental effluence. It makes presence poor and impotent. When men's importance is generally estimated by mere appearances, how little must there be in popular life to help heroic virtue! Fashion hinders true, soul-born manners, and puts counterfeit manners in their stead. Pope Clement XIV seems to have felt that he had a soul, when he first ascended to the Papal chair; and, therefore, on receiving the bow of the ambassadors at his court, he manfully returned it by bowing himself. But he was soon informed by the master of ceremonies that he had done what was not customary for popes to do. "O," he replied, "I beg your pardon; I have not been pope long enough to forget good manners." Alas! how are men turned from men into imitating weaklings, submitting to let fashion stifle and keep down all the magnetism of their souls!

DOWN IN THE VALLEY.

BY LYDIA J. CARPENTER.

Down in the valley the morning is shining,

All the shadows of night are gone;
Rosy feet over the mountains climbing,
Scatter the clouds whose somber lining
Darkens the golden Summer morn.

Down in the valley the wild bees are humming
Ever and aye a drowsy tune;
Purple and gold are the pansies blooming,
Over the hills the south winds are coming,
Heavy laden with sweet perfume,

Down in the valley the blue bells are swinging,
Lazily swinging to and fro;
List to their bells a fairy peal ringing;
Just by the fountain are violets springing,
Blue as sapphire, and white as snow.

Down in the meadow are crimson-lipped clovers,
Rich in treasures and jewels too;
Golden wings over them sway and flutter;
There do the wild bees love best to hover,
Quaffing deep draughts of honey dew.

Down in the valley white lilies are swaying,
Fair and regal as any queen,
Close by the brook whose wavelets are playing
Ever where sunbeams are oftenest straying,
Glinting through leaflets cool and green.

Down in the valley, where bright stars are peeping
Out from behind their curtains blue,
Silently fairy forms are creeping,
Softly bend o'er the blossoms sleeping,
Filling their tiny cups with dew.

CLEOPATRA AND JULIUS CÆSAR.

BY REV. H. B. COLLINS.

FORTY-EIGHT years before the Christian era, the celebrated daughter of the Ptolemies, in conjunction with her elder brother, who was also her husband, ascended the throne of Egypt. Her father, the twelfth Ptolemy, surnamed Auletes, was the illegitimate son of Soter II. His immediate predecessor, Alexander III, dying without issue, had bequeathed the kingdom of Egypt to the Romans. Auletes, therefore, even had he been a legitimate heir-presumptive, could reign only by appointment or sufferance of the Roman Senate. The Alexandrians, it is true, had called him to the throne, but the Italian legate had not declared him king. Fortunately for him, Cæsar was then in power, and to that ambitious consul he now addressed himself. Cæsar was in want of money; Auletes of a crown; and in consideration of 6,000 talents—near \$40,000,000—the former engaged to establish the latter on the coveted throne.

But hardly had he begun to exercise the prerogatives of royalty, when the Egyptians, stung to madness by exorbitant taxation, and by other acts alike intolerable, drove him out of Alexandria, and compelled him to flee the kingdom. He took refuge in Rome. The insurgents sent ambassadors to justify their proceedings against him in the presence of the Roman Senate. Cæsar was then in Gaul; but Pompey, more noble, it may be, and yet hardly less ambitious than his father-in-law, espoused the cause of the fugitive king, and sent Gabianus into Egypt to quell the revolt. This General was successful; and at length the Egyptian monarch was firmly established in the succession. Four years later, B. C. 51, he died, leaving four children, two sons and two daughters. He had directed, in his will, that the elder of his sons should marry the elder of his daughters, and that these should be his successors to the crown. The son was Ptolemy XIII, and the daughter Cleopatra. Both these children being minors at the time of their father's death, they were taken under the protectorship of Rome, and Pompey was appointed their guardian.

At this time the leading men in the Alexandrian court were Pothinus, the eunuch, and Achillas, the general of the king's armies. These two ministers, whatever may have been their motive, entertained the design of deposing Cleopatra, and after some months of secret intriguing, they proceeded to deprive her, in the king's name, of her share in the sovereignty.

But the fair princess was not long in proving that, in the quality of her mind, no less than in that of her beauty, she was fitted to be the queen of Egypt. When she became aware of what had been done, she hastened into Syria and Palestine, and collecting a large body of troops, set sail for Egypt, with the view of redressing her grievances and asserting her rights by force of arms. Meanwhile, the young king, who, it seems, had entered fully into the scheme of his ministers, had prepared himself to give battle to his royal sister, and when she approached in sight of the Egyptian coast, he had an army at no great distance, drawn up between Pelusium and Mount Casius. Fortunately, at this juncture, the cause of the princess was favored from an unexpected source. At Rome, the rivalry between Cæsar and Pompey, arising, it must be confessed, from their deep-seated and far-reaching avarice of power, had, at length, culminated in open rupture. A long and bloody war ensued, resulting in the complete and final overthrow of Pompey at Pharsalia, in Thessaly. Fleeing the scene of disaster, he took ship with his wife and son and a few followers of rank, and set sail for Egypt. He was the friend and guardian of the young Ptolemy, and had done more than any other man to secure the succession to that prince's father. Not unreasonably, therefore, did he expect that in Alexandria he should find, if not an impenetrable asylum, at least a royal friend and ally. When in sight of Mount Casius, on the Egyptian coast, he beheld the preparations for civil war, as already mentioned, between Ptolemy and Cleopatra. As he came near the shore, a small boat, in which were the treacherous Achillas, and others, put out as if to meet and welcome him. He was invited into this boat, and immediately assassinated, under the eyes of his wife and son. Cæsar, in hot pursuit, and unapprised of the fate of Pompey, had effected a landing at Alexandria, and finding the city in great commotion, addressed himself to the matter that had given rise to it—the quarrel between the royal brother and sister. This was business that he had not anticipated; but, learning that his great rival was finally out of the way, he immediately brought all his skill and authority to bear in quieting the sedition and restoring the order of the government.

In the conduct of this affair, Cæsar, as indeed became him in such an emergency, displayed the utmost imperiousness. He decreed that the royal disputants should at once disband their armies; that they should appear before him in person, or by their advocates, each presenting

and maintaining his cause with candor and fairness; and that, after such a hearing, the whole case should be submitted to his final adjudication. An interference so seemingly presumptuous aroused the utmost indignation against him. The Egyptians, with great show of reason, violently asserted both their competency and their right to manage their own affairs in their own way. But when Cæsar explained to them that, in the quality of consul, he was sole executor of the will of Auletes, both by the terms of the will itself and by sanction of the Roman Senate, and that, as such, it was no less his right than his duty to exercise, in the present instance, the prerogatives of a supreme arbitrator, they appeared satisfied; and the Ptolemaic party, headed by Theodotus, the young king's preceptor, retained the ablest advocates in the kingdom to plead their cause.

On the other hand, Cleopatra, now in the eighteenth year of her age, conscious of the irresistible charm of her beauty and accomplishments, and by no means ignorant of the regal gallantry that fame had imputed to the Roman gentleman of rank, chose to appear in person before Cæsar, and plead her own cause. But how could she, unobserved, have access to him? Alexandria was the stronghold of her bitterest enemies, and once within their power, there was danger that, in spite of Cæsar, she might fall a victim to the intense hatred which the king's ministers had inflamed against her. She does not seem to have entertained any other thought, than that for her to stand before Cæsar would be to conquer him—to command at once the affections of his heart, and the resources of his Empire; and with such a tremendous weight of influence attached to her interest, there could be but one issue to the question that now distracted the kingdom, and that issue her speedy recovery and undisputed possession of a crown that perfidy and intrigue had wrested from her. Thus confidently did this magnificent princess predict that the sovereignty of her beauty should achieve the supremacy of her scepter. Nor was she mistaken. Her woman's wit soon devised a stratagem that proved the means of introducing her into Cæsar's presence. At nightfall, taking with her a single trusty friend, Apollodorus, the Sicilian, she proceeded in a small boat to the gate of the citadel. Here her attendant wrapped her up as a bundle of goods, bound her with thongs, and taking her in his arms, carried her through the city to the palace, and into Cæsar's apartment. The Roman was well pleased with the stratagem; but when the matchless features of Cleopatra were revealed to him, he stood like one

entranced, and from that moment the beautiful princess held the conqueror of half the Eastern continent as completely in her power as if he had been a mere child in her arms. He was not long in determining that she should be restored to her place on the throne. To this end he sent for Ptolemy, intending that the disputants should stand face to face, and, if possible, be reconciled without further procedure. The king obeyed the summons; but when he learned that Cleopatra was in the city, and even at that moment in Cæsar's apartment in the palace, he rushed into the street, and, raving like a madman, tore the diadem from his head, and trampled it under his feet. The alarmed populace gathered around him; and so soon as he could speak, he told them that he was betrayed; that Cæsar, while pretending to be his friend, was his adversary in disguise; and with strong cries and tears, he besought them to stand to his defense, and save the kingdom from the hands of a foreign usurper. In a moment the whole city was in an uproar. The people came pouring along the streets in the wildest confusion. The young king, at the head of an infuriated mob, rushed toward the palace. There seemed no hope but that Cæsar should be torn to pieces in an instant, for the mob, reinforced by thousands every moment, were inflamed to the utmost pitch of madness. Fortunately, at this juncture, a Roman soldier, belonging to Cæsar's body guard, secured the person of Ptolemy, and drawing him within, succeeded in closing the palace against further intrusion. At this moment Cæsar appeared at an upper window, and, calling out to the people in a loud voice, assured them that he intended them no wrong, and that on the day following he would satisfy them of his good intentions, both toward themselves and their king. This address produced an effect that was hardly to have been expected. The Egyptians evinced a willingness to take Cæsar at his word; they immediately began to disperse to their business and their homes, and in a few hours the great city was restored to its usual tranquillity.

When, therefore, on the day following, the Alexandrians had assembled in vast concourse before the royal palace, Cæsar brought out Ptolemy—whom he had retained in his custody—and Cleopatra, and caused the will of the late king, their father, to be read in the hearing of all the assembly; after which, in virtue of his authority as guardian and arbitrator, he solemnly decreed that the brother and sister should reign conjointly, according to the true intent of their father's will, and that this decree should be final and unalterable. What

more or what less could he have done? The people, therefore, received his decision, not with satisfaction only, but with acclamations of gladness; for it appears that through the baseness of Pothinus and others, the will of Auletes had never before been made public.

But if the king and queen and public were satisfied, there was one who was not. Pothinus, who had been chiefly instrumental in depriving Cleopatra of her share in the sovereignty, apprehending that the accommodation just effected might endanger his head, set himself without delay to the characteristic work of sowing anew the seeds of turbulence and sedition. He gave out that Cæsar's decree was only precautionary; that his real though covert design was to displace Ptolemy, and transfer the sovereignty to Cleopatra alone. The Egyptians, credulous to a fault, and unwilling that a woman should be their sole monarch, gave heed to the counsels of this bad man, and when his confederate, Achillas, proposed to raise an army and drive Cæsar out of Alexandria, they flocked to his standard by thousands. The Egyptian camp was at Pelusium. From that point Achillas, at the head of twenty thousand troops, advanced against the capital; but Cæsar, with less than half that number, quietly awaited the attack, and in the end proved himself more than a match for the greatly-superior numbers that were hurled against him. But the war had only begun. Subsequently it became formidable and bloody, resulting, at length, in the execution of Pothinus for treason; the burning of the first Alexandrian library, containing 400,000 volumes; the death of Ptolemy, by drowning in the Nile; and the final and permanent establishment of Cleopatra—with her younger brother, the last of the Ptolemies, whom she afterward poisoned—as Queen of Egypt.

The war ended, Cæsar was free to return to Rome; but the fascinations of the Alexandrian court proved too strong for him. He lingered four months within the charmed circle, spending his whole time in intimate companionship with the beautiful enchantress, for whose sake he had imperiled his Empire and his life. For Cleopatra, sensible of the power she had acquired over him, and jealously anxious to retain and exercise that power unrestrained and without a rival, at once evoked and gratified, in boundless profusion, the passions he no longer attempted to control. Without shame, without a lingering spark of manly virtue, he abandoned himself to the utmost wantonness of dissipation. The young queen was hardly ever for a moment out of his sight or away from his arms. Their days were passed in ex-

cursions on the Nile, and their nights in feasting and debauchery within the chambers of the palace. Every artifice that wealth, beauty, voluptuousness, could suggest, was brought to bear in tightening the silken cords that held the conqueror of half the world in the absolute power of a single woman. Rome was forgotten. The tremendous concerns of an Empire that had well-nigh attained the acme of supremacy—an Empire that had been evolved from the chaos of a hundred conquered nations—were suffered to lie in confusion and neglect, the sport of factions and the plaything of anarchy: while he, the great conqueror, to whom millions of eyes were turned, had resigned himself, oblivious of all things else, to the lascivious revelries of a foreign court, the witching blandishments of a gallant queen, the delicious caressings of a beautiful young girl!

But at length the spell was broken. The strong man started up as if suddenly awakened from a dream, and remembering the past, and trembling for the future, tore himself from the arms of his Venus, and set out for Rome—to meet his death, eventually, at the hands of Brutus and Cassius.

AN INVOCATION.

BY ELIZABETH E. B. PERRY.

O FAITH, out on thy boundless flight,
Bear heavenward my soul to-night,
With all its yearnings for the light—
God's blessed light—

Unto that longed-for peaceful calm,
Where I can chant my soul's sweet psalm,
And find an ever-healing balm—
God's blessed balm.

Outreaching all this hindering care,
Beyond the dark deceiver's snare,
Nothing can harm once safely there;
I would be there.

Go, holy ministrant, and bear
My offering, but a feeble prayer,
That pleadeth for a little share—
Desertless share—

Of God's pure love that maketh free
The all-believing, Christ, through thee,
Thou who hast suffered death for me—
Suffered for me.

This calm beatitude attained,
We 'll smile upon the cross that pained;
A more than Eden hath regained—
Through Christ regained.

"Believe and live;" sweet Faith, undo
The heavenly gate, and let me through,
Unto a love forever true—
My Savior true.

THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

Scripture Cautions.

THE ERAS OF REDEMPTION.—*"But this man, after he had offered one sacrifice for sins forever, sat down at the right hand of God; from henceforth expecting till his enemies be made his footstool."* Heb. x, 12, 13.

We have two revelations from God—nature and the Bible. Between these revelations there is a remarkable agreement. Discrepancies are no where found but in the captious strictures of infidelity. The only difference is in the degree of discovery; the Bible goes further. It assumes what nature teaches, and proceeds to unfold a being, a scheme, and a system of doctrines and duties, of which nature whispers not a syllable.

This Bible is made up of two parts, Judaism and Christianity; but they constitute but one system—one in principle, authorship, and design; Christianity is but the full unfoldment of Judaism, the germ advanced to the fruit, the twilight brightened into noon, the architectural plan—"shadow"—elaborated into a magnificent temple.

This passage leads us to look at the past, present, and future of Christ's redemptive history.

I. THE PAST ERA OF CHRIST'S REDEMPTIVE HISTORY. He has "offered one sacrifice for sins." This is the great fact in his past life. The expression conveys three thoughts:

1. *That Christ's death was a self-immolation.* He "offered." He was the priest as well as the victim. The fact that he offered himself intimates, (1.) *His self-proprietorship.* Had he not been his own proprietor he could have had no right to sacrifice himself. In a mere creature the act would have been the sin of suicide. But he was his own. "I have power to lay down my life," etc. The fact that he offered himself intimates, (2.) *His unexampled philanthropy.* Had he given a world for our ransom, what would it have been to the gift of himself? He loved us, and gave himself for us. "Greater love hath no man than this," etc.

Another thought which this expression conveys is:

2. *That his death was a self-immolation for sin.* One "sacrifice for sins." There are three very erroneous views of Christ's death: one is, that he died to prove the truth of his doctrine; another, that he died to appease the wrath of God; and the other, that he died to purchase a certain number of souls. In relation to the first we have only to remark, that the death of a teacher may prove his own sincerity, but not his doctrines. Error has its martyrs as well as truth. In relation to the second, that it is an inversion of the Scriptural doctrine, that God's love was the cause of Christ's mission; and in relation to the third, that it is repugnant alike to every just idea of God, and to every right interpretation of Scripture on the subject. In

opposition to all the text tells us that it was for sins. He died to put away sin; to put it away in its guilt-form—in its idea-form—and in its habit-form.

Another thought which this expression conveys is:

3. *That his death was a self-immolation for sin unrepeatable.* "One sacrifice for sin forever." The priests under the law offered day after day, and year after year. But this one sacrifice of Christ was sufficient for all lands and ages.

II. THE PRESENT ERA OF CHRIST'S REDEMPTIVE HISTORY. He is sitting down on the right hand of God.

1. *This position indicates rest.* He has finished the work that was given him to do. He has left the stormy world, and is beyond the reach of foes. Yonder, in that sinless, cloudless, stormless world, he enjoys unbroken peace; no tempest ripples the deep current of his heart; eternal calmness has settled on his brow.

2. *This position indicates honor.* To be placed on the right hand of sovereigns is expressive of the highest dignity. Christ is now exalted over all. All power is given unto him. Cherubic legions guard his throne, and seraphs fly at his command. The head that once was crowned with thorns, is crowned with glory now.

III. THE FUTURE ERA OF CHRIST'S REDEMPTIVE HISTORY. "From henceforth expecting," etc. Some suppose that the allusion is, here, to the conduct of Joshua. Joshua x, 24.

1. *Christ has enemies:* fallen angels and sinful men.

2. These enemies he will subjugate—make them his footstool. Some will be subdued by the moral influences of his truth and love; and some, by the resistless might of his retributive justice. To the former we think Christ here refers. The human world will, one day, be subject to him: all minds will, one day, bow to his influence, as the ripe fields of Autumn to the winds of heaven. Christ expects it; it is, therefore, certain. The subject teaches—

1. *The repugnance with which humanity should regard sin.* Christ came into the world to put it away—died and lives again to put it away. Christ, God, and his universe are against sin.

2. *The true test by which we may determine the worth of our Christianity.* What is it? Not the accuracy of our theological ideas, nor the outward propriety of our conduct, but the absence of sin. Christ died to put it away; unless ours is being put away our "religion is vain."

3. *The certainty of Christianity's ultimate triumph.* Christ "expects" it. Disappointment implies ignorance and weakness. A being who knows all the future, and whose arm is almighty, can never be disappointed.

4. *The absurdity of waiting for any further helps to conversion.* Christ has put into operation a certain system of instrumentality to convert men, and upon that he expects his conquests. What reason have you to wait for something more? All that you want is with you now; all that you will ever have is with you now. If you yield not to these genial influences, you will have to bow to this power. Why oppose him? Has he wronged you? Why oppose him?—can you succeed against him? Can you quench the flaming lightnings, or roll back the thunderbolts of his justice?

PRAYER AGAINST DANCING AND CARD-PLAYING.—*"What prayer, or what supplication soever shall be made of any man, or of all thy people Israel, when every one shall know his own sore, and his own grief, and shall spread forth his hands in this house: then hear thou from heaven thy dwelling-place."* 2 Chron. vi, 29, 30.

The Rev. Mr. Nicholson, a pious minister in England, was, at a former period of his life, excessively attached to dancing and card-playing; and breaking off these, he suffered a great conflict. He made many vows, and offered many prayers against them, but was still overcome by the power of temptation; yet an old Puritanic saying which he met with in a magazine forcibly impressed his mind, "That praying will make a man leave off sinning; or sinning will make him leave off praying." "Well, then," said Mr. N., "I will pray against my sins as long as I have breath to do it." The Lord heard him, and delivered him from the temptation of which he complained.

DESTROYED IN HIS WICKEDNESS.—"I know that God hath determined to destroy thee, because thou hast done this, and hast not hearkened unto my counsel." 2 Chron. xxv, 16.

A man at New Orleans set out on a Sabbath morning to cross a river on some worldly business. As he could find no boat but one which was fastened to a tree by a rock, he attempted to get that. Some persons who were present requested him to desist from his purpose. But he replied that he would either go to the other side of the river or to hell. He, therefore, broke the lock and entered the boat. But he had not gone far when it upset. The spectators were so impressed that it was a judgment from God, that they stood amazed till it was too late to afford him any help, and he was launched into a boundless eternity in the midst of his impiety.

MOCKERY OF THE MORAVIAN MISSIONARIES BY THE GREENLANDERS.—"They laughed us to scorn, and despised us." *Nehemiah ii, 19.*

The Moravian missionaries in Greenland endured much mockery and opposition from the rude inhabitants when communicating to them the knowledge of divine truth. When the missionaries told them they meant to instruct them about the will of God, they were met by the taunt, "Fine fellow, indeed, to be our teachers! We know very well you yourselves are ignorant and must be taught by others!" If they tarried more than one night with them, they used all their endeavors to entice them to participate in their wanton and dissolute sports; and when they failed in this they mocked and mimicked their reading, singing,

and praying, practicing every kind of droll antic; or they accompanied their devotions by drumming or howling hideously. Nor did the poverty of the brethren escape their keenest ridicule or most cutting sarcasms. They even pelted them with stones, climbed upon their shoulders, destroyed their goods, and maliciously tried to spoil their boat or drive it out to sea.

WHAT WE CAN GRASP AS SUBSTANCE.—"There failed not aught of any good thing which the Lord had spoken unto the house of Israel: all came to pass." *Joshua xxi, 45.*

Mr. Cecil, during a severe illness, said to a person who spoke of it, "It is all Christ. I keep death in view. If God does not please to raise me up he intends me better. 'I know whom I have believed.' How little do we think of improving the time while we have opportunity! I find every thing but religion only vanity. To recollect a promise of the Bible: this is substance! Nothing will do but the Bible. If I read authors and hear different opinions, I can not say this is truth! I can not grasp it as substance; but the Bible gives me something to hold. I have learned more within these curtains than from all the books I ever read."

BURIAL SERVICES OF THE GREEKS.—"We must needs die, and are as water spilt on the ground, which can not be gathered up again." 2 Samuel xiv, 14.

The Rev. Mr. Jowett, when describing the funeral services of the Greeks, says, "The corpse was now carried out into the church-yard. A slab lifted up discovered that the whole church-yard is hollow under ground. The body was put into a meaner wooden coffin and lowered into the grave. I did not observe that they sprinkled earth upon it as we do; but instead of this a priest concluded the ceremony by pouring a glass of water on the head of the corpse. I did not learn what this meant; but it brought to my mind that touching passage in 2 Samuel xiv, 14: 'For we must needs die, and are as water spilt on the ground, which can not be gathered up again.'"

GOTTHOLD AND THE THISTLES AMONG THE WHEAT. As he was one day passing a field, Gotthold observed that there were many thistles mixed with the wheat, and rivaling it in growth, on which he observed: We often see the match of this in the world. It happens, for instance, with superior minds; for along with the fine wheat of useful counsels and lofty thoughts they likewise breed and foster many a thistle of folly and dangerous error. The same thing happens also with our own heart, which, when bedewed with the grace and Spirit of God, sometimes promises to abound with the fruits of righteousness. But, alas! how many thistles and weeds does not the enemy scatter among these, and how many grow of themselves, as in all barren land! In fine, the same is also the case with our prosperity and temporal welfare. When our wheat is ripest, and we imagine that nothing remains but to apply the sickle and gather it in in full sheaves, we find that the Most High has caused thistles to grow among it; I mean, he has checkered our prosperous state with much adversity in order that we may recognize the nothingness of the world, and long all the sooner and all the more ardently for heaven.

Facts and Quiries.

EAST AND WEST AT THE NORTH POLE.—In the Notes and Queries of the May number, 1864, of the Repository I find the following in reference to east and west at the north pole; namely, "Whatever be the facing, if standing on the pole the First Reader definition is still applicable—namely, the right hand will be east and the left hand west," and that to a person standing on the south pole the right hand will be west and the left hand east. In this conclusion J. B. R. is in error; for *if there be* an east or west at the poles, the truth would be just the reverse of his statement. That is, to a person standing on the north pole the left hand would be toward the east and the right hand toward the west; on the south pole the right hand would be toward the east and the left hand toward the west. This can be practically demonstrated by placing a representation of the human form on either of the poles as represented on the ordinary terrestrial globe. This demonstration or experiment will, however, prove what is the truth; that is, at or from the north pole there is, so far as relates to the *cardinal points of the compass* and the *surface of the earth*, but one course, and that is south; and at or from the south pole but one course, and that is north.

Example.—Place yourself at any point on the surface of the earth and between the poles, and from thence travel in a straight line toward either pole—your course, if toward the north pole, will be north, and if toward the south pole, south. Therefore, as you can go to the north pole only by traveling north, you can come from thence only by traveling south. Of course the same rule applies to the south pole—you travel south in going to it, and north in coming from it.

H. C. R.

ANOTHER ANSWER.—J. B. R.'s answer to Mary's query as to east at the north pole is, it seems to me, a remarkable case of not seeing the point. Here is my answer: If east and west, north and south are absolute directions, then the axis of the earth, or any other line parallel to that axis, is a north and south line; and any line parallel to the plane of the equator and tangent to the earth at the feet of the spectator, is for that spectator an east and west line. Now, for a spectator at either pole any one of the infinity of tangents to the earth at his feet would be parallel to the plane of the equator; hence, any and every one of the innumerable tangents to the earth at either pole would be an east and west line; that is, every direction would be east and west; which is equal to saying to Mary that at the poles there is no east and west. But if we take the popular notion and say east is toward sunrise, then also it is true that at the poles every direction—that is, no direction—is east and west; for in every possible point in the horizon of one at the pole does the sun rise. And if we further say south is toward the equator on the earth's surface for one north of it, then we might say to Mary that at the north pole every possible direction is east, and west, and south at

the same time, since every possible direction is both toward the equator and toward sunrise and sunset. Let J. B. R. turn to his Second Reader. J. P. L.

AN EPICENE PERSONAL PRONOUN NEEDED.—To secure precision without violating a plain rule in grammar, or employing a tedious circumlocution, we need an additional word in our language—a personal pronoun of the third person, singular number, and common gender, corresponding with such nouns as *person*, *parent*, *child*; and also to a masculine or feminine noun, where both are coupled by the disjunctive *or*; e. g., we hear such expressions as these: "If a person would be happy, *they* must be good;" or "*such person* must be good." In such a case neither "*he*," "*she*," nor "*they*" is proper, for obvious reasons, and "*such person*" is too tedious.

Again: "If a man or woman would be saved, . . . must repent and believe the Gospel." As only *one* is referred to in this sentence, it would not do to fill the blank *they*, and as the *one* is not specified—it may be either—neither a masculine nor feminine pronoun would be correct, unless both were employed; as, "If a man or woman would be saved, *he or she*," etc.

Might we not, in this age of improvement, by some means supply this much-needed word? How would the following answer? Nom. *ve*, poss. *vis*, obj. *vim*. Then the above blank might be filled thus: "If a man or woman would be saved, *ve* must repent," etc. A little practice would make the use of the word facile, and thus precision, perspicuity, and brevity would be secured.

PHILOLOGUS.

HISTORICAL QUERY.—In Harris's "Pre-Adamite Earth," where the author is describing the geological strata, the following eloquent passage occurs: "Quitting the living surface of the green earth and entering on our downward path, our first step may take us below the dust of Adam, and beyond the limits of recorded time. From the moment we leave the mere surface-soil, and touch even the nearest of the tertiary beds, all traces of human remains disappear; so that let our grave be as shallow as it may in even the latest stratified bed, we have to make it in the dust of a departed world. Formation now succeeds formation, composed chiefly of sand, and clay, and lime, and presenting a thickness of more than a thousand feet each. As we descend through these, *one of the most sublime fictions of mythology becomes sober truth; for at our every step an age flies past.*" I desire to know what fiction of mythology is referred to in the last paragraph? I do not now recollect any thing in classical mythology corresponding to it; but there is something like it in fairy tale, and, I think, in the Arabian Nights' Entertainment. Will some one of the classical readers of the Repository help me to the elucidation of this simile, and give me the source of the fable, or the tradition upon which it is founded? Perhaps the Northern mythology of Europe may furnish the answer to my query.

W.

THE OLD HOME IN THE COUNTRY.—A correspondent in one of the late numbers of the Repository asks for the poem of which this is the title, and its authorship. I find a copy of the poem for which inquiry is made in one of the earlier volumes of the "Living Age," and as it is well worthy of a place among your Notes and Queries, I copy it below. It appears without name, and is prefaced with a note by the editor, who says, "We do not know the author of these lines. To any name they would do honor." The question is again submitted to the readers of the Repository for answer: Who is the author? S. W. W.

"Gloom is upon thy lonely hearth,
O silent house, once filled with mirth!
Sorrow upon the breezy sound
Of thy tall poplars whispering round.

The shadow of departed hours
Hangs dim upon thine early flowers:
Even in thy sunshine seems to brood
Something more deep than solitude.

Fair art thou, fair to strangers' gaze,
My own sweet home of other days!
My children's birthplace! yet for me
It is too much to look on thee!

Too much! for all about thee spread
I feel the memory of the dead,
And almost linger for the feet
That never more my steps shall meet.

The looks, the smiles all vanished now,
Follow me where thy roses blow;
The echoes of kind household words
Are with me 'mid thy singing birds;

Till my heart dies, it dies away
In yearnings for what might not stay;
For love which ne'er deceived my trust—
For all which went with 'dust to dust!'

What more is left me but to raise
From the lone spot my spirit's gaze?
To lift through tears my straining eye
Up to my Father's house on high?

O, many are the mansions there,
But not in one hath grief a share!
No haunting shades from things gone by
May there o'ersweep the unchanging sky!

And there they are whose long-loved mien
In earthly home no more is seen;
Whose places, where they smiling sate,
Are left unto us desolate:

We miss them when the board is spread,
We miss them when the prayer is said;
Upon our dreams their dying eyes
In still and mournful fondness rise.

But they are where these longings vain
Trouble no more the heart and brain;
The sadness of this aching love
Dims not our Father's house above.

Ye are at rest and I in tears,
Ye dwellers in immortal spheres!
Under the poplar boughs I stand,
And mourn the broken household band.

But by your life of lovely faith,
And by your joyful hope in death,
Guide me, till on some brighter shore
The severed wreath is bound once more.

Holy ye were, and good and true!
No change can cloud my thoughts of you;
Guide me like you to live and die,
And reach my Father's house on high."

HEXAMETER HYMN.—I never saw a hymn written in hexameter measure before the one I send you. As it is quite a curiosity in its way, and as your Notes and Queries are read by a number of persons interested in hymnology, I venture to beg a corner for it. I happened to meet with it in the note-book of an old friend, who would be glad to know the author's name.

"A HYMN TO JESUS.

"Thee we adore and praise, almighty Son of the Highest!
Fountain of goodness and light, the manifest love of the Father!
Bringing his marvelous mercy forth to the wandering outcast,
Showing his tender heart, o'erflowing with holy compassion!
Thine was the heaven of heavens, all pure and hallowed before thee—
Yet thou didst rest thy head in the lowly Bethlehem manger.
Thine was the diadem bright, of deathless power and dominion:
Thine the kingly mantle, O Lord, of a universe boundless;
Yet thou didst wear the scornful crown of thorn and derision—
Wear the purple robe before the mockers of Herod!
Thine was the theme of might, the right-hand throne of the Father—
Yet upon Calvary's hill the cross was thy ending triumphant!
Mighty and merciful Savior, the world is bowing before thee;
Look from thy shrine of light, the shrine of thy holy pavilion,
Where thy ransomed Church is ceaselessly bending to worship;
Look on thy children of earth, thy helpless children who wander
Through the darkness of night, amid the foot-roads of evil!
Guide them, O mighty Love, to pastures green and refreshing!
Give them, ah, give them to drink, of the streams of the river of mercy,
Till in thy heavenly house they feast on thy goodness forever!
Thee we adore and praise, almighty Son of the Highest!
Fountain of goodness and light, the manifest love of the Father!
Thee, the bringer of mercy forth to the wandering outcast,
Thee do we laud with the Holy Jehovah and Spirit Eternal."

NANFAUT.

MILTON AND NAPOLEON.—Napoleon Bonaparte declared to Sir Colin—Niel—Campbell, who had charge of his person at the Isle of Elba, that he was a great admirer of our Milton's "Paradise Lost," and that he had read it to some purpose, for that the plan of the battle of Austerlitz he borrowed from the sixth book of that work, where Satan brings his artillery to bear upon Michael and his angelic host with such direful effect:

"Training his devilish engin'ry impal'd
On every side with shadowing squadrons deep,
To hide the fraud."

This new mode of warfare appeared to Bonaparte so likely to succeed, if applied to actual use, that he determined upon its adoption, and succeeded beyond expectation. A reference to the details of that battle will be found to assimilate so completely with Milton's imaginary fight as to leave no doubt of the assertion. I had this fact from Colonel Stanhope, who had just heard it related by Colonel Campbell himself. Colonel Stanhope was then at Stowe, the Marquis of Buckingham's, where I was dining and heard it repeated. It has never to my knowledge been in print, nor have I ever heard the circumstances repeated by any one but myself.—*Eng. Notes and Queries.*

Birds and for Children.

WORKING FOR THE FAIR.

BY MRS. HARRIET E. FRANCIS.

"WHAT is it, children?" questioned Miss Upton, our school-teacher, as she paused where we were gathered in a group on the soft grass, and rested her hand on Lilly Jewett's soft curls.

"O, nothing," was the reply; "only we was thinking."

"Were thinking," corrected our instructress, with a pleasant smile.

"Yes, ma'am; but I can never remember. We were thinking that we could n't do any thing for the fair, and we want to, O, so much! Lilly has been telling what her cousins in the city are doing. They are making mats, and cushions, and one of them is embroidering a splendid table-spread. If we were only rich, Miss Upton; but now we can hardly think of a thing we can do;" and the blue eyes upturned to her teacher's were full of tears as she closed speaking.

"But every one of you can contribute something," was the cheerful reply, as Miss Upton spread her thin shawl on the soft grass, and sunk down beside us.

"Please tell us what?" and a dozen eager faces asked the question that the boldest of us had uttered verbally.

"You have time to labor, and are *all* willing to?"

"Yes, yes," was the unanimous response from every lip.

"Well, finish up all your work at home next Saturday by two o'clock, and meet me at the school-house; and do not forget to bring a basket apiece. We will go into the woods and gather mosses and grasses, and I guess even the smallest of you can manufacture something pretty, that will sell for a few pennies. You may invite your brothers to accompany you, and be sure have one of them bring an ax and a pail. Sarah, do you think your father could spare Eddy and Willard?"

"Yes, ma'am; for he says it is in such a noble cause that he would work a month if it would do any good; and you know Eddy and Willard are not old enough to be soldiers yet, and they would be so glad to do something for those that are. We do not eat a bit of butter at home so as to save it for the fair; but I don't know as mother would like me to tell;" and the little lips closed firmly as if they would let out no more secrets, while the roses widened on her cheeks to her very temples.

The loud "ding-dong" of the factory bell, far down the river, here broke upon the hushed air, and Miss Upton, with a "Come, children," sprang from the ground, and threw her shawl lightly over her arm, and we gathered around her as she passed to the school-room, wondering much what we could make of mosses and grass to bring money for the soldiers. Numberless were the long, wistful glances sent to the western sky on Friday eve, and more than one pair of little feet stepped from the bed-clothes to the cool floor in the night to see through the bed-room window if the

sky was really clear, so eager was the desire that our day in the woods should be fair and sunny, and many a "I'm so glad!" mixed in with glad clapping of little hands, was listened to by older sisters and parents, as the morning sun rose upon a sky unflecked by a single cloud.

It seemed Saturday as if noon would never come, and then the hour till one dragged still more wearily; but, at last, it was time, and, with sunbonnets on, and baskets in our hands, we wended our way to the school-house. There was a little waiting for Miss Upton, then a brief consultation over the different routes, and at the close a willing acquiescence in Lilly Jewett's proposal, that they go to her father's woods; for, as she pleaded, they were the nearest, and the rocks were covered with mosses, and such pretty wild grasses grew in every open spot: she had been down that very forenoon to see.

We made quite a procession—fifteen girls with half as many boys, and our teacher at the head, as we passed along the road into the path that led to the woodlands. The walk turned into a grassy lane, shaded on the sunny side by an orchard, and on the opposite, maples, and beeches, and a graceful elm drooped over the fence now and then, completely shutting out the bright, blue sky from overhead. Meadow-larks, and robins, and bluebirds quavered and trilled out music, chiming in with the sound of the pattering of little feet, and the outbursts of laughter, that rung out from the merriest of our party, to be echoed back by the gray rocks that seemed to hedge up the way before us with an immovable gate.

"Come, let us rest here," said Miss Upton, as she sunk upon a mossy stone and drew up her skirts to make room for others beside her. "I would like you, Lizzie and Sarah, to choose three or four others, and hunt for lichens. Gather every variety, and a number of a kind, so that we can cull the prettiest; and any four of you girls can select dry moss from the limbs of trees, or trunks, or any where you can find it. Some of you pick your baskets full of the bright green moss. Eddy, you can cut forty sticks about the size of your wrist, and two feet long, and, Wilbur, I wish you would gather your pail full of pebbles from the dry bed of the brook. Choose the small ones; and the rest of you can hunt for mosses, lichens, or any curious things. Here are two pretty varieties;" and she reached over and selected some moss from a shrub near, and held it up before us for a specimen.

Mr. Jewett's woods were as noisy as a gipsy camp that afternoon. One party went down to the low, marshy land below the hill, while another jumped from stone to stone, and threaded the crevices and ravines, and a third looked down from the rocks, that lifted their heads to the top of the trees that grew at their base. Every few moments some one of us would come eager with delight to Miss Upton to show her some curiosity, either a rare moss, or trailing vine covered with red berries, and so many beautiful

objects were found in which we never thought of looking before for beauty, that the sun began to sink below the horizon before we thought of grouping together, and starting for the school-house to leave our gleanings. Adjoining the school-room was a large closet, that ran the whole length of the house, with shelves on one side, and a window opposite; and it was vacant in Summer, for we preferred to hang our bonnets in the entry, and so we appropriated it for our specimens and work. Here we labored hour after hour, when our lessons were all committed; for our faithful teacher would not let us neglect them in the least, and under her direction and excellent taste many an article took form and beauty, and became a handsome offering to the Fair. It was strange how the motive for exertion brought forth powers of invention and ingenuity that even the possessors had never dreamed of. One girl brought a white paper box, two inches deep, and seven by nine square, and with a bottle of glue she fastened to the inside of the box a wreath of unfading moss. Then she selected lichens, some of them almost perfect roses in form, and fastened inside of them artificial stamens, and pinned the flowers amid the moss. At last she glued a glass to the edge of the box, over the wreath, and then covered the outside of the box with moss. It was suspended to the wall by a broom-cord, with two pine cones for tassels, and a prettier ornament could rarely be found. Others made pasteboard vases, and hid the outside of them under lichens, and filled the same with bouquets of dried grass, and straw flowers, and evergreen, while a few gathered the dried husks of corn, and cut and folded them into fanciful shape, and covered the sides of baskets with the ornaments, placing a fringe of like material, interspersed with lilies, around the top, and filled it with a bird's nest, half hid under twigs, and the trailing vine covered with red berries, while a little stuffed bird, that one of the scholars was the happy possessor of, peeped out of the basket, looking so natural that the spectator almost listened to hear it trill out a merry song.

The masterpiece of all took more than the spare hours of a week, with much planning and contriving. It was a log house, built of the sticks that Eddy cut, with door, and windows, and chimney, and surrounded with all that should appertain to a cottage. A neat imitation of a board fence inclosed it, and a pebbled walk led from the gate to the door. An evergreen tree shaded the house at one end, and vines on lattices shut out the sunlight from the front windows. A broken piece of a mirror, its edges hid under moss, glanced up from a shady nook, and made one almost involuntarily reach for a cup to dip into the limpid pool. Mosses and dwarf ferns, with violets, and the sweet flower of innocence, filled up the interstices, and made it a beautiful thing to gaze upon.

Almost every scholar of us had a brother, or father, or uncle in the army, and even the youngest of us was made happy by manufacturing, under our kind teacher's guidance, some simple thing, that would bring, as we hoped, comfort to our loved ones; and, after the last article was finished, we carefully packed our offerings in Mr. Jewett's buggy-wagon, and he took them to the city.

But few of us had the pleasure of visiting the Fair; but those favored ones brought home such glowing accounts of the Afghan carriage blankets, and crochet

mats, and cushions covered with beads, and fans, and expensive toys, that our hopes faded clear away, and a few of the oldest of us girls, in a confidential chat one day as we strolled down the river from the school-house, unanimously declared that we had not the least doubt that our gifts would be kept out of sight, and at last given to any poor body that would accept them.

It was Friday, the closing day of the Fair, and the sun poured down on the low school-house till more than half of the scholars were suffering with the headache, and feeling that half-past four would never come, when a knock at the door startled us from our sleepy reverie over our books, and Miss Upton opened the door to receive Mr. Cantelo, a rich citizen of our village, who had been absent to the city all the week. He apologized for his intrusion by explaining that he found a little item in the morning paper, which he brought home with him, that we were all interested in, and he would take the liberty of reading it aloud; but first he would say the paragraph was copied from an editor's paper in an adjoining State: "Passing through Floral Hall I came upon the most perfect little nook, draped with evergreens, birds, half hid, singing in the branches above; and turning round to gaze upon it in another direction, I found it was filled with the prettiest rural offerings—baskets, vases, and wreaths, and a little cottage surrounded with mosses, and vines, and violets, fresh as if just picked from some shady glen. Turning the bit of card-board attached, I discovered they were all the offerings of the scholars of Willow Dale school, and that they were for sale. My pocket-book soon grew sixteen dollars lighter, and a dray carted off my new treasures to the depot, while I walked beside them, rich as a king, thinking how somebody's 'dear little lame boy' would pat his hands, and his laugh gush out musical as the rippling of a brook, when he caught sight of the bit of the blessed woods. Dear scholars of Willow Dale school! I feel as if money *could not* pay you, and I want to come out and see your ruddy cheeks, and clear eyes, that the bright sun don't have to steal down between brick walls to gaze upon, and have a merry romp upon the green meadows with you, and thank you again and again for making the poor lame boy and his father happy. But the four close walls of my office shut me and my pen in a prisoner; so I scribble on a bit of paper, hoping that the little waif will wander around the world, till some eye from Willow Dale lights upon it, and you all know how thankful one heart is for your labor of love."

Miss Upton shook hands at the close with Mr. Cantelo, as if she did not know what else to do, and Lilly and Sarah threw their arms around her, and I actually could not see for tears of joy, while Wilbur Fisk, the oldest boy in school, rose up and proposed three cheers for the editor, the soldiers, and the teacher and scholars of Willow Dale school; and amid the great "hurrah" that followed, I slipped on my bonnet and ran over home to tell mother all about it.

RAIN ON NEW-YEAR'S DAY.—"Mother, why does it always rain New-Year's?" Before the mother had time to reply, a little girl of not more than five Summers reverently replied, "Be still—don't you know God is baptizing the New Year?"

Hazardous Branchings.

NEEDLE-WORK.—From Hawthorne's last work, "The Marble Faun," we take the following paragraph concerning needle-work:

There is something extremely pleasant, and even touching—at least of very sweet, soft, and winning effect—in this peculiarity of needle-work, distinguishing men from women. Our own sex is incapable of any such by-play aside from the main business of life; but women—be they of what earthly rank they may, however gifted with intellect or genius, or endowed with awful beauty—have always some little handiwork ready to fill up the tiny gap of every vacant moment. A needle is familiar to the fingers of them all. A queen, no doubt, plies it on occasions; the woman-poet can use it as adroitly as her pen; the woman's eye that has discovered a new star, turns from its glory to send the polished little instrument gleaming along the hem of her kerchief, or to darn a casual fray in her dress. And they have the advantage of us in this respect. The slender thread of silk or cotton keeps them united with the small, familiar, gentle interests of life, the continually-operating influences of which do so much for the health of the character, and carry off what would otherwise be a dangerous accumulation of morbid sensibility. A vast deal of human sympathy runs along this electric line, stretching from the throne to the wicker-chair of the humblest seamstress, and keeping high and low a species of communion with their kindred beings. Methinks it is a token of healthy and gentle characteristics when women of accomplishments and high thoughts love to sew, especially as they are never more at home with their own hearts than when so occupied.

ABSENCE OF MIND.—There are some minds which seem to have a propensity of obliviousness of things present. In some cases it appears to be a want of mind rather than forgetfulness. But many cases of absent-mindedness are due to an all-absorbing interest in more important things. Well-balanced minds are subject to a forgetfulness of unimportant matters, and sometimes ludicrous results ensue. Many laughable incidents might be given. The Philadelphia Inquirer narrates two cases recently occurring in that city, as follows:

A day or two since a gentleman stepped into the office of one of our leading private bankers, and with much anxiety asked if a strange packet had not been picked up there. His manner was quite earnest and anxious, and he remarked that the contents of the packet were very valuable. The banker listened with his usual courtesy, and then coolly asked "what is that under your arm, sir?" The gentleman immediately detected his absence of mind, recognized the package under his arm as that which he was in search of, bowed his acknowledgments, and left at once mortified and delighted.

Not long ago an esteemed friend stepped into our room, and with much impatience and trepidation asked if we had seen his spectacles. He was, he said, confident that he had left them on the table about half an hour before, and could not do without them. We turned our eyes from the desk on which we were writing and immediately saw the spectacles, but thought it as well to let the absent-minded pursue his search for a few minutes. He hurried through the room, overturned and examined the closet, cracks, and corners, opened one or two drawers, and then repeated his inquiries, adding a remark, that he was certain that the missing spectacles must be somewhere in the room, for he remembered taking them off during his recent visit. At that instant a thought flashed upon him, he placed his hand upon his forehead, and there were the mysterious species, not only visible, but tangible and

palpable. A burst of laughter followed the discovery, and the excited searcher disappeared in the twinkling of an eye, and did not call again for at least a week. Even now, when the joke is related, he manifests an uneasy sensation. This, too, notwithstanding that he is one of the best-natured men alive.

CONSUMPTION.—A modern writer, in an article relating to the frequency of this disease among us, and its character, says:

If there be a disease in this world of ills, which seems, in a peculiar manner, to fit its victim for the fate which human skill can not avert, that disease is consumption. To one who is full of life, and hope, and joy, the first conviction that it has fastened its death-grasp upon him, the fearful certainty of its end will flash through him with a thrill of terror—more, doubtless, than that of most other diseases. Startling it must be, indeed, to feel, for the first time, that there is a worm gnawing at one's vitals, whose greedy teeth no human can stay—startling to feel the certainty of disease within, whose end is surely death. But how soon does the spirit grow calm; and as he feels the disease tugging at his heart-strings, and his strength wasting away before it, how calmly, then, does the soul plume itself for its upward flight—how trustingly, then, does it lean upon the bosom of its God—and when flesh and heart grow faint and fail, how sweetly sinks to its final rest the victim of consumption!

"So fades a Summer cloud away,
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er,
So gently shuts the eye of day,
So dies a wave along the shore."

WHAT'S IN A NAME?—A late writer, speaking of names and phrases of the present day, says:

We are indeed a happy, elegant, moral, transcendental people. We have no masters, they are all principals; no shopmen, they are all assistants; no shops, they are all establishments; no jailers, they are all governors; nobody is flogged in Bridewell, he merely receives the correction of the house; nobody is ever unable to pay his debts, he is only unable to meet his engagements; nobody is angry, he is only excited; nobody is cross, he is only nervous; lastly, nobody is drunk, the very utmost you can assert is that he has taken his wine.

TRIUMPHS OF GENIUS.—We sometimes think of genius as a wayward, fickle faculty; but it is rather that persistent power of the soul which, like faith, "laughs at impossibilities," and cuts its way through every obstacle. The life of Charles Goodyear illustrates this in an eminent degree. Says the Scientific American:

We presume that the story of his eventful life will be made public in some more formal mode by the friends of his family, and we will not attempt fully to trace the progress of his inventions. It was in 1834 that Mr. Goodyear turned his attention to the manufacture of India rubber. There was a mystery about this tropical gum which gave it a strange charm in his imagination. It was not an article of commerce, but appeared from time to time only as a rare curiosity brought from foreign lands. The savages who possessed it kept the mode of its manufacture a profound secret. It was found only under the burning sun of the equator, in the gloomy swamps of the unexplored Amazon, or the jungles of Asia and Africa. Its nature was as mysterious as its origin; the chemists who examined it were baffled in their attempts to make it of practical use. Ingenious men, abroad and at home, had attempted to solve the mystery, but all had failed. That it was of immense value in the arts, to supply a thor-

wants of civilized life, was obvious to all, but the elastic gum kept its own mysterious secret, and there was no clew to the discovery.

To discover the secret and solve the problem became the dream of Charles Goodyear's life. The difficulties and failures which he encountered only made it more dear to him. He asked aid from men of science, but they discouraged him; his associates abandoned the pursuit in despair; his friends, one after another, left him, but he only clung the closer to his cherished faith. In one of the contests by which pirates of his invention sought to rob him of his rights, the veil was half withdrawn from the life of the inventor, and a few details of the privations which he endured were given. He was in such extreme penury that his bed was sold from under him; he was so poor that it was said he could not buy an ounce of tea on credit. In the dead of Winter there was no food in his house, and no fuel for fire. This was not the struggle of a few months only, but it was the story of years; for it was not till 1844, after ten years of toil, that he perfected and patented his discovery. His labor, however, did not cease, and even to the hour of his death he was devoted to the favorite pursuit upon which he lavished the immense sums which he received from his patents. His life was subject to the strangest vicissitudes. He went from a poor debtors' prison to a palace, in Paris. The man who was an object of cold contempt in an obscure village, on account of his poverty, received the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor from the Emperor Napoleon as a reward of his genius. In Europe as well as America, his name was honored and his merits appreciated, but to the hour of his death he was the same enthusiastic and patient inventor. Charles Goodyear has well been called the American Palissy, and to his last hour he acted on the principle that God did not create him to leave him idle.

THE RULE AND THE REASON.—The following characteristic story is told of John Horne Tooke, whose researches in etymology have been the precursor of modern philology:

When a pupil at Eaton he was one day asked by the master the reason why a certain verb governed a particular case. He answered, "I don't know." "That is impossible," said the master; "I know you are not ignorant, but obstinate." Horne, however, persisted, and the master flogged. After the punishment the master quoted the rule of grammar which bore on the subject, and Horne instantly replied, "I know that very well, but you did not ask me for the *rule*—you demanded the *reason*."

GOD ON THE SIDE OF LIBERTY.—There are those who occupy high places in the Church, that endeavor to prove slavery the natural condition of men, and that it is ordained and fostered of God. This monstrous subversion of the truth is receiving, in this country, a terrible rebuke in bloodshed and war:

Nearly three hundred years ago a cause was on trial in the little republic of Holland, not essentially unlike that which is now at issue in this country. It was the cause of civil and religious liberty, against the stupid and bloody tyranny of Philip II, King of Spain. About one million of people stood for Protestantism and freedom in opposition to the mightiest empire of that age, whose banners the Pope had blessed. William, the Prince of Orange, was the champion of the righteous cause; a man of infinite patience and steadfastness, of deep sagacity, of military genius; and a man who feared God. In the heat of the struggle, when prospects grew dismal and the young republic seemed about to be overwhelmed, William received a missive from one of his generals, then in command of an important post, inquiring, among other things, if he had succeeded in effecting a treaty with any foreign power, as France or England, such as would secure aid. His reply was: "You ask me if I have made a treaty for aid with any great foreign power; and I answer that before I undertook the cause of the oppressed Christians

in these provinces, I made a close alliance with the King of kings, and I doubt not that he will give us the victory."

And so it proved. There were many hard battles fought; defeats and reverses interchanged with victories; cities were taken and sacked by the enemy with incredible barbarities; William himself fell under the dagger of an assassin; yet the great cause was triumphant in the end. The republic won a place, and for some two hundred years held it, among the great powers of Europe; while in its sublime struggle the rights of the human conscience and the principles of human freedom were so vindicated that the liberty we enjoy may be truly said to have had its birth amid that tempest of war and blood. Let our confidence as a people be fixed on God, let our desire be to him and our expectation from him, and he will deliver us from our calamities, and make even the sore trials through which we are passing preparatives for our happier organization, and higher culture, and nobler mission as a nation.

ESSENCE OF MODERN NOVELS.—The following extract contains the essence of most modern fictions:

Moonlight night—shady grove—two lovers—eternal fidelity—young lady rich—young man poor—great obstacle—young man proud—very handsome—very smart—sure to make a fortune—young lady's father very angry—won't consent—mother intercedes—no go—rich rival—very ugly—very hard-hearted—lover in a bad fit—won't part—die first—moonlight again—garret window opens—rope ladder—flight—pursuit—too late—marriage—old man in a rage—won't forgive them—disowns them—old man gets sick—sends for his daughter—all forgiven—all made up—young man getting rich—old man dies—young couple get all the money—live in the old mansion—very happy. Finis.

CONSTANTLY LEARNING.—Knowledge of the Divine life, as well as of the world, is of slow growth and obtained by small accretions. This is well illustrated by the following anecdote:

A gentleman was once riding in Scotland by a bleaching-ground, where a poor woman was at work watering her webs of linen cloth. He asked her where she went to Church, what she had heard on the preceding day, and how much she remembered? She could not even tell the text of the sermon. "And what good can the preaching do you," said he, "if you forget it all?" "Ah, sir," replied the poor woman, "if you look at this web on the grass, you will see that as fast as ever I put water on it the sun dries it up; and yet, sir, I see it gets whiter and whiter."

STICKING TO THE TEXT.—Selden, in his amusing Table-Talk, has the following illustration of his remark that preachers will sometimes bring any thing into the text:

The young masters of arts preached against non-residency in the university; whereupon the heads made an order that no man should meddle with any thing but what was in the text. The next day one preached upon these words, "Abraham begat Isaac." When he had gone a good way, at last he observed that Abraham was resident; for if he had been non-resident he could never have begot Isaac; and so he fell foul upon the non-residents.

This is something like the anecdote of the minister who was almost possessed on the subject of the prelatial controversy, and could never refrain from introducing his opinion on it, no matter what the subject in hand. Once he was set to discourse upon the first verse in the Bible, "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." His first remark was, "Yes, my brethren, but it does not say that God created bishops."

PROVERBS.—It is useless to recommend to people a course which they have not judgment enough to pursue.

How ignoble most men's lives would appear to themselves, if described as the lives of others!

What the fool does in the end, the wise man does in the beginning.

Literary, Scientific, and Statistical Items.

INSTABILITY OF THE EARTH.—Not far from Naples, near Puzzuoli, there are parts of an ancient temple of the Egyptian god Serapis still standing; three beautiful columns especially speak of its former splendor. At a considerable height they present the curious sight of being worm-eaten; and recent careful researches leave no doubt that the waters of the Mediterranean once covered them so high as to bring these upper parts within reach of the sea-worms. Since then the land has risen high; but stranger still, they are, by a mysterious force, once more to be submerged: already the floor of the temple is again covered with water; and a century hence new generations of molluscs may dwell in the same abandoned homes of their fathers, which are now beyond the reach of the highest waves. An old Capuchin monk, who lives near by, is fond of telling visitors how he himself, in his youth, had gathered grapes in the vineyards of his convent, over which now fisher-boats pass in deep water. Venice also, the venerable city of the Doges, sinks, year after year, deeper into the arms of her betrothed bride, as if to hide her shame and her disgrace in the bosom of the Adriatic. Already in 1722, when the pavement of the beautiful place of St. Marco was taken up, the workmen found, at a considerable depth below, an ancient pavement, which was then far below water-mark; now the Adriatic has again encroached upon the twice-raised square; at high-water magazines and churches are flooded; and if proper measures are not taken in time serious injury must inevitably follow.

RATE AT WHICH WAVES TRAVEL.—A paper was read by Professor Bache before the American Scientific Association, stating, that at 9 o'clock in the morning of the 23d of December, 1854, an earthquake occurred at Simoda, on the island of Nippon, Japan, and occasioned the wreck of the Russian frigate Diana, which was then in port. The harbor was first emptied of water, and then came in an enormous wave, which again receded and left the harbor dry. This occurred several times. The United States has self-acting tide-gauges at San Francisco and San Diego, which record the rise of the tide upon cylinders, turned by clocks; and at San Francisco, 4,800 miles from the scene of the earthquake, the first wave arrived twelve hours and sixteen minutes after it had receded from the harbor of Simoda. It had traveled across the broad bosom of the Pacific Ocean at the rate of six and a half miles a minute, and arrived safely on the shores of California, to astonish the scientific observers of the coast-surveying expedition. The first wave, or rising of the waters, at San Francisco, was seven-tenths of a foot in height, and lasted for about half an hour. It was followed by a series of seven other waves of less magnitude, at intervals of an hour each. At San Diego similar phenomena were observed, although, on account of the great distance from Simoda—400 miles greater than to San Francisco—the waves did not arrive so soon, and were not quite as high.

SALTNESS OF THE SEA AS AFFECTING NAVIGATION.—Surprise has been expressed that vessels going direct to Sebastopol take a smaller cargo than if they were only going to Constantinople, or that they diminish their cargo in the latter port before entering the Black Sea. The reason is this—the density of water of different seas is more or less considerable, and the vessels sailing in them sink in the water more or less, according to their density. The density arises from the quantity of salt contained in the water; and, consequently, the saltier the sea is, the less a vessel sinks in it. As too, the more sail a vessel carries, the deeper she penetrates the water, it follows that the more salt the water the greater the quantity of sail that can be carried. Now, the Black Sea being sixteen times less salt than the Mediterranean, a vessel which leaves Toulon or Marseilles for Sebastopol must take a smaller cargo than one that only goes to Constantinople, and a still smaller one if it is to enter the Sea of Azoff, which is eighteen times less salt than the Mediterranean. It is known that the Mediterranean is twice as salt as the Atlantic, once more than the Adriatic, five times more than the Caspian Sea, twelve times more than the Ionian Sea, and seventeen times more than the Sea of Marmora. The Dead Sea contains more salt than any other sea; it is asserted that two tons of its water yield 589 pounds of salt and magnesia.

STATISTICS OF ENGLISH AND FRENCH AGRICULTURE.—Some interesting statistics relative to the agriculture of France and England were given in a lecture delivered in Cornwall, by M. R. de la Trehonnias. In England, out of 50,000,000 acres cultivated, 10,000,000 are sown to wheat or other cereal crops, while in France 50,000,000 were cultivated for that purpose. The average growth of wheat per acre in England is 4 quarters, and in France only 1 3-5 quarter; while the produce of English land is about £3 4s. per acre, and that of France £1 12s. per acre. The number of sheep grown in each country is about 35,000,000, and the wool produced about 60,000 tons; but owing to the difference in the acreage there is something less than 1½ sheep per acre in England, and only about ¾ of a sheep per acre in France. In France there are annually slaughtered 4,000,000 of cattle, the average weight of each being 2 cwt.; while in England there is not half the number slaughtered, but the average weight is 5 cwt.

THE JEWS REMAINING THE SAME.—The Hebrew people, remarkable all over the world for their thriving peculiarity in business of a mercantile nature, for they never touch agriculture, are still more remarkable from the fact that their entire number in the world at the present time is about the same as in the palmiest days of Judea.

This fact is worthy of note in the statistics of the Jewish population, and is among the most singular circumstances of the most singular of all people.

Under all their calamities and dispersions they seem to have remained nearly the same amount as in the days of David and Solomon; never much more in prosperity, never much less after ages of suffering.

Nothing like this has occurred in the history of any other race; Europe in general having doubled its population within the last hundred years, and England nearly tripled hers within the last half century; the population of America being still more rapid, and the world crowding in a constantly-increasing ratio. Yet the Jews seem to stand still in this vast and general movement. The population of Judea, in its most palmy days, probably did not exceed, if it reached, four millions. The numbers who entered Palestine from the wilderness were evidently not much more than three millions, and their census, according to the German statisticians who are generally considered to be exact, is nearly the same as that of the people under Moses—about three millions. They are thus distributed: In Europe, 1,915,900, of which about 658,000 are in Poland and Russia, and 453,000 are in Austria. In Asia, 738,000, of which 300,000 are in Asiatic Turkey. In Africa, 504,000, of which 300,000 are in Morocco. In America, North and South, 57,000. If we add to these about 16,000 Samaritans, the calculation in round numbers will be about 3,180,000. This extraordinary fixedness in the midst of almost universal increase is doubtless not without a reason, if we are even to look for it among the mysterious operations which have preserved Israel a separate race through eighteen hundred years.

PHOTOGRAPHY AND WOOD ENGRAVING.—Mr. Langton, an English wood engraver and draughtsman, has produced some very successful and beautiful specimens of photography, taken by himself, on blocks of box-wood. This photograph, so taken, is quite ready for the application of the wood-engraver's burin. It is impossible to say how greatly this will advance the process of wood engraving, especially by saving all the preliminary labor of the draughtsman, which in many cases constitutes the chief element in both the time and the cost attendant on the production of wood engravings of a high class. By Mr. Langton's process portraits, landscapes, etc., could be produced on any smooth piece of wood duly prepared; and thus even wooden snuff-boxes, hand-screens, etc., may be decorated with portraits, or scenes from nature, or copies of works of art, at a cost much less than daguerreotypes on metal plates. The inventor does not limit his invention to its use in wood engraving, but claims for it an equally-valuable application in other directions in connection with practical art. Indeed, if what is claimed for it be true, it is difficult to say where the application and uses of this process may extend.

GENERAL CONFERENCE ELECTIONS.—The General Conference adjourned on Friday, May 27th, after a session of twenty two days. The elections for the various Church offices resulted as follows:

Bishops.—Drs. D. W. Clark, Edward Thomson, Calvin Kingsley.

Book Agents.—T. Carlton, James Porter, New York. Adam Poe, Luke Hitchcock, Cincinnati.

Editors.—Methodist Quarterly Review, D. D. Whedon, D. D. Ladies' Repository, Isaac W. Wiley, D. D.

Christian Advocate and Journal, Daniel Curry, D. D. Western Christian Advocate, John M. Reid, D. D. Northern Christian Advocate, D. D. Lore. Pittsburg Christian Advocate, S. H. Nesbit, D. D. Central Christian Advocate, B. F. Crary, D. D. California Christian Advocate, E. Thomas. Pacific Christian Advocate, H. C. Benson. Christian Apologist, Wm. Nast, D. D. Sunday School Advocate and Tract publications, Daniel Wise, D. D.

Missionary Secretary, John P. Durbin, D. D. **First Assistant Secretary,** Wm. L. Harris, D. D. **Second Assistant Secretary,** Joseph M. Trimble, D. D.

THE VALATA-TREE.—The *valata*, a shrub which abounds in Guiana, South America, affords a juice which is said to be superior to gutta percha for many purposes, but especially as a material for insulating telegraphic wire. The milk or juice is drinkable, and used by the natives with coffee instead of cream. It conglutates quickly when exposed to the air, and almost immediately when precipitated by alcohol, which dissolves the resin of the *valata* juice. All articles made with gutta percha can be made with this sap, and it has no disagreeable smell. When worked up it becomes supple as cloth and more flexible than gutta percha. It is not, like the latter, softened by being immersed in hot water, and can, like the india rubber, be vulcanized. Its uses in the arts are yet to be developed; but there can be no doubt of its practical value.

PROPERTY OWNERSHIP IN FRANCE.—M. About says that in 1851 the number of landlords in France was not less than 7,846,000, or nearly one-fourth of the population. The land was divided into no less than 126,000,000 of small fields! Out of the 7,846,000 owners, nearly one-half were considered as paupers, and as such exempted from taxation; 600,000 paid taxes averaging not more than one sou, or about one cent; per head. Since 1851 the division of property must have made fresh progress.

THE MATTAPONY RIVER.—Just below the line of Spottsylvania county, Virginia, the Mattapony River divides into four branches, each of which takes for its name a portion of the main stream; thus the most southern is called the *Mat*, the next the *Ta*, the third the *Po*, and the most northerly the *Ny*, and when united they constitute the *Mat-ta-po-ny*—pronounced with the accent on the last syllable, and the *y* sounded like *i*.

SAN SALVADOR.—San Salvador is the most thickly populated of all the Central American States. It produces yearly about 11,000 bales of indigo, 3,000 bales of cochineal, 45,000 quintals of sugar, dyewoods, mahogany, cedar, india rubber, silver, hides, Peruvian bark, rice, and coffee. San Salvador has just entered into a treaty of friendship and commerce with the King of Italy. Its laws have been codified. It has set aside lands for the cultivation of the silk-worm. Hospitals and schools have been built in the principal towns, and a university in the capital. Turnpike roads have been formed, and public buildings are erecting for the legislative, judicial, and executive departments. All religious sects are tolerated.

Library Notes.

(1.) *NINETEEN BEAUTIFUL YEARS; or, Sketches of a Girl's Life. Written by her Sister. With an Introduction by Rev. R. S. Foster, D. D. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. 12mo. 241 pp. 90 cents.*—To one who is ready, death never comes too soon nor delays too long. God's time is the best, whether he call in the morning, at midday, or at night; yet to surviving friends the parting is always painful. We bid farewell to our loved ones with many tears, but tender memories of their affection linger with us. We seem to hear their voices as they come back to us

"With recollected music, though the tone
Is changed and solemn;"

and we wait for footsteps that shall never more be heard, and for the gentle pressure of the hand that shall never more be felt. When the sense of our bereavement becomes real, we recall with mournful pleasure their last words and review the rounded history of their lives. Every action, however insignificant, is invested with a new interest, and we treasure our little keepsakes, not for their own worth, but for the associations which hallow them. The volume here named is the memorial of a sister's life. It is a sketch of Mary E. Willard, a graduate of the Evanston Female College, who died in her twentieth year. The extracts from her diary and the memoir of her closing hours we read with interest and profit. Miss Willard was a girl of robust intellectual strength, of exquisite taste, of keen perceptions, and good sense. The "talks with herself," as she styled her diary, exhibit uncommon vigor of thought as well as of style for a girl of her years, and give us pleasing glimpses into her inner life and character. Her sister has performed her task well, and given a befitting history of "Nineteen Beautiful Years."

(2.) *CHRISTIAN MEMORIALS OF THE WAR; or, Scenes and Incidents Illustrative of Religious Faith and Principle, Patriotism and Bravery in our Army. By Horatio B. Hackett. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. Cincinnati: George S. Blanchard. 12mo. 252 pp.*—The title-page explains the nature of this volume, the contents of which are made up chiefly from the well-authenticated stories of newspaper correspondents and eye-witnesses of the scenes and events described. Many of the incidents are familiar to the reader; but the fugitive descriptions are here gathered together and arranged under appropriate heads in a more permanent form than the columns of a newspaper.

(3.) *UNION AND ANTISLAVERY SPEECHES, Delivered During the Rebellion. By Charles D. Drake. Cincinnati: Applegate & Co. 12mo. 431 pp.*—The author of these speeches, which are collected together and published in this volume, is well known as one of the leading statesmen of Missouri, and one of the most earnest and persistent antislavery men of the State. Though treating chiefly of affairs in Missouri, they re-

late to the rebellion, and possess an interest common to all friends of freedom in the Union. There are many passages of rare eloquence in these speeches, while all of them exhibit specimens of the most cogent reasoning and the most convincing argument. The volume is published for the benefit of the Ladies' Union Aid Society of St. Louis.

(4.) *BARBARA'S HISTORY. By Amelia B. Edwards. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. 8vo. 187 pp. Paper covers, 60 cents.*—This is another addition to the Library of Select Novels published by the Harpers, and one of the best in the series. So at least we judge from reading an occasional paragraph, and glancing over the style of the narrative. It purports to be the self-told life history of Barbara Churchill, an English girl, orphaned at birth, and brought up by a nurse-woman. What the outcome of her life was we have not read—and do not intend to.

(5.) *A TREATISE ON HOMILETICS: Designed to Illustrate the True Theory and Practice of Preaching the Gospel. By Daniel P. Kidder, D. D. New York: Carlton & Porter. Cincinnati: Poe & Hitchcock. 12mo. 495 pp.*—A carefully-prepared and full treatise on the science and art of preaching. Its design is to aid clerical students and licentiates in their preparation for the full work of the ministry, and to present in a systematic form practical views of the subject of preaching. As a text-book for theological seminaries and a manual for private study it supplies an important desideratum in the Church, and may be profitably used by those who have long had pastoral oversight of congregations.

(6.) *THE RELIGION OF CHILDHOOD; or, Children in their Relation to Native Depravity, to the Atonement, to the Family, and to the Church. By Rev. F. G. Hibbard, D. D. 12mo. 411 pp.*—The author of this treatise is a vigorous thinker, a pains-taking investigator, and has produced a work thoroughly exhaustive of its subject. The doctrine of infant regeneration, which is substantially the ground-work of the teachings of the volume, we can not receive as being either sound in theory or healthful in influence. Yet we shall be pleased to make a study of this book. It is published for the author by Poe & Hitchcock.

(7.) *FAMILIAR HYMNS for Social Meetings. Compiled by Rev. Alfred Cookman. New York: Carlton & Porter. 24mo. 128 pp.*—We should like this collection better if the compiler had omitted a few pieces of doggerel.

(8.) *THE EDINBURGH REVIEW, for April, contains, 1. Diaries of a Lady of Quality. 2. The History of Highways. 3. The Basque Country. 4. Human Sacrifices and Infanticide in India. 5. Charles Victor de Bonstetten. 6. British North America. 7. Rifled Ordnance in England and France. 8. Kirk's Charles the Bold. 9. Rénan's Life of Jesus.*

Editor's Chair.

FAREWELL.—A sad word comes to our lips just now. The pleasant editorial intercourse between us and our readers, uninterrupted for nearly twelve years, has come to an abrupt termination. The Church has commanded us to another post—one of higher responsibility and of greater care. Years of familiarity had given us a *home-feeling* for the editorial sanctum, and the unvarying kindness of our patrons had linked us to them by ties not easily sundered. With no ordinary feelings we bid farewell to these scenes and labors. Dear friends, sadly the parting word is uttered. But we can not tear ourselves quite away till we have expressed our thanks for the kind support and the approving words that have cheered us in our editorial labors. Above all would we give thanks to God for the measure of success with which these labors have been crowned.

Many errors have been committed; many failures have marked our course. No one is more conscious of them than ourself; no one can regret them more. But our aim has ever been to accomplish the greatest good. These twelve years of labor are now past. They constitute no inconsiderable fraction of a man's working life. Their results are with you and with God. We trust they have not been fruitless of good.

From the beginning it has been a favorite object with us to draw out and nurture the writing talent in the Church; and we are pleased to record the fact that not a few of our contributors have won enviable success. Our relations to them have ever been kind and cordial.

Rightly divining its sphere and mission, we have sought to make the Repository worthy of its place as *the family magazine* of the Church. Nay, we have had a wider ambition. Firmly Methodist, yet without being offensively sectarian, we have sought to make it an acceptable companion in *the Christian family*. We have endeavored to embody in each number themes worthy of the study of the thoughtful; articles that would store the mind with knowledge and improve the judgment and taste; sketches that would amuse the fancy and beguile the weary hour. We have spread our repast for the young as well as for the old; the little thoughts that skim the surface and the fancy pictures that children love, as well as the graver problems of morals and of Biblical exegesis that have to do with the grave theologian. Such has been the wide range of the ideal of a family magazine, not very nearly approached it is true; and yet with so near an approach that we may challenge for it a success. If in any case we have inflicted pain, or if any one has suffered wrong at our hands, we can only express our deep regret.

The increase of our circulation, though checked somewhat by this desolating, wicked war, has been encouraging. We found the Repository with a circulation little exceeding twelve thousand. From that it was favored with a steady increase till its monthly circulation had reached about forty thousand. The losses

occasioned by the war were very considerable; but we have so far recovered from them as to leave it now with about thirty-four thousand subscribers. This is a large list—a grand one! Few magazines in the country equal it. Yet it is far short of what it ought to be, and what *it might be*, with a combined, energetic effort on the part of all its friends. Should God spare us long we shall hope to see it with a circulation of one hundred thousand.

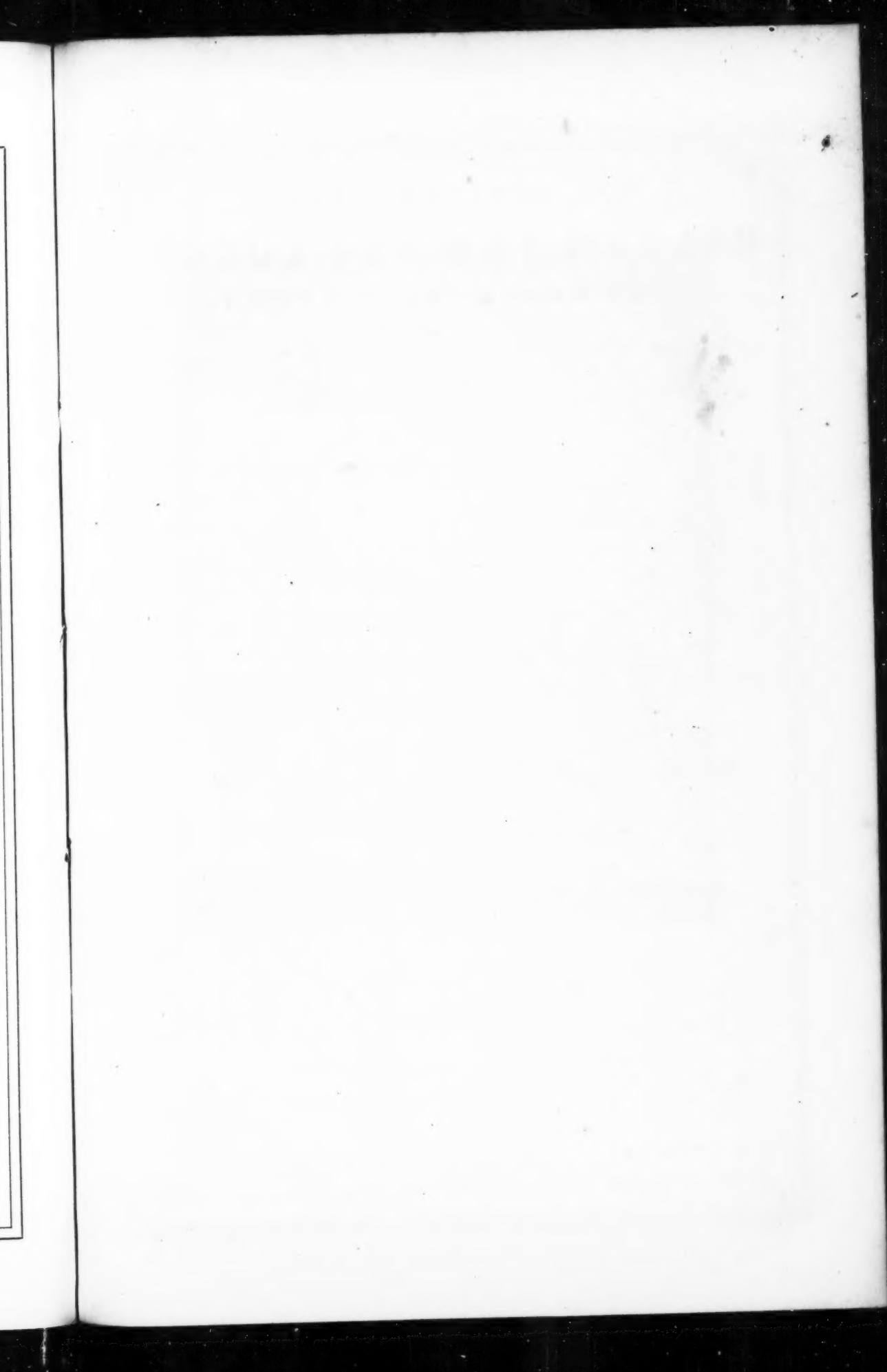
In connection with the Agents, we have devoted much time and labor to the development of the book-publishing interest of the Western Book Concern. The success of this department has been such as to increase largely the business and profits of the Concern. Especially has it demonstrated the inexhaustible richness of the mine here opened and which now only needs working.

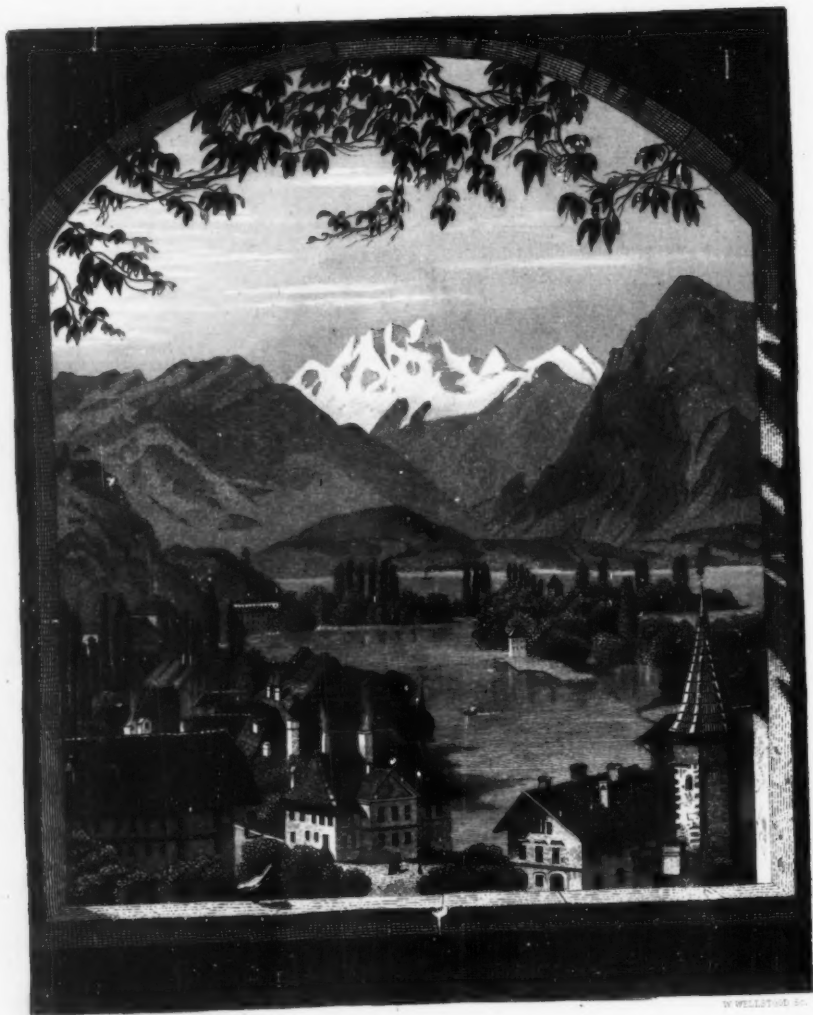
With the associate Editors and Agents, and with the faithful, pleasant, and able assistant editors, as well as with those who have long occupied places as heads of departments in the Western Book Concern, our intercourse has been pleasant in a high degree. It causes us pain to think that we shall be associated with them, in these labors, no more.

It now only remains for us to introduce to the favor of our readers the gentleman called to succeed us. This we do most heartily and cordially. Dr. Wiley has been personally known to us more than fifteen years. During a portion of this time he served the Church as missionary physician at Fuh-Chau, in China. On the failure of his health there he returned to this country; and upon the restoration of his health entered the pastoral work, and became one of the most popular and successful ministers in the State of New Jersey. During the past five years he has been Principal of the Conference Seminary at Pennington, New Jersey, and in that post has rendered signal service to the Church. He is a man of culture, of marked talent, and of earnest devotion to the cause of truth. He comes to this work in the prime of his manhood. He comes with the prestige of success in all his former fields of labor. And in every respect is he worthy of the entire confidence and hearty support of all the friends of the Repository. May he be more abundantly successful and useful than he who now retires!

With subdued rather than buoyant feeling do we assume our new responsibility, and enter upon our new work. A shade of sadness tinges the sky of our future; but, girding ourself for the burdens before us, we go forth to our mission trusting in God. Dear readers, farewell!

PORTRAIT OF MRS. HEMANS.—We give in this number an elegant likeness of Mrs. Hemans. It was our intention to accompany it with an article descriptive of the life and genius of the celebrated poetess from the pen of Mrs. Julia M. Olin; but as she did not get word in time through a miscarriage of our letter, her sketch was not ready in season to be inserted.





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VIEWS IN SWITZERLAND

THUN

AS SEEN FROM THE WINDOW OF THE CATHEDRAL.

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W. H. PRESCOTT

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